

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

ISSUE 41

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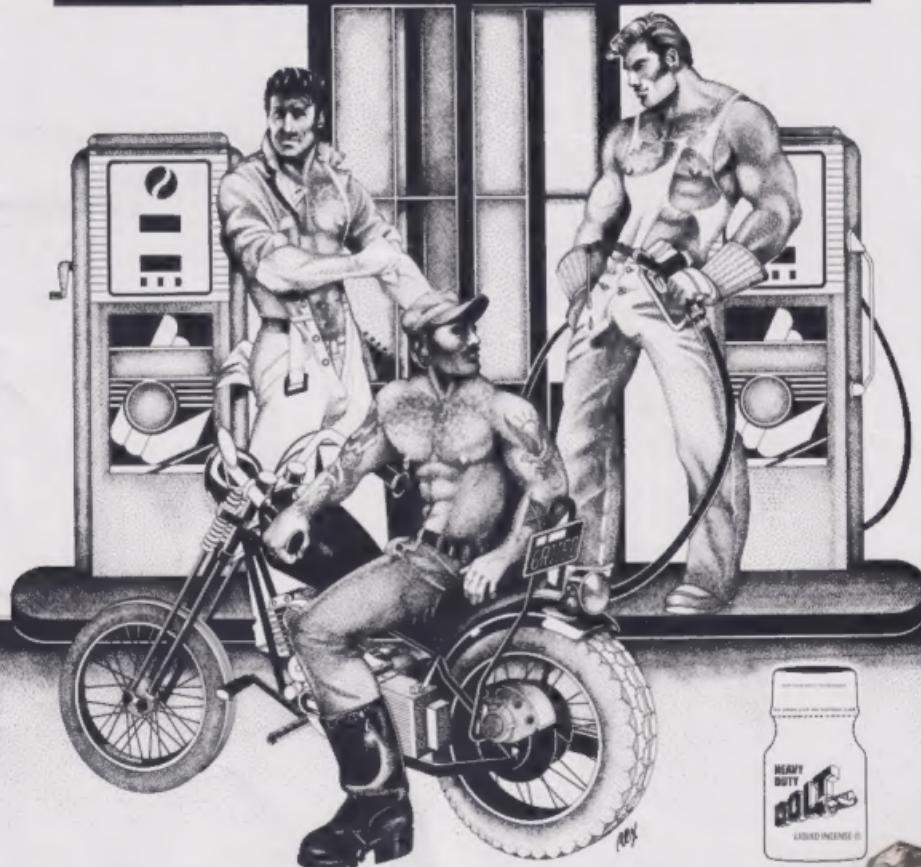
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DRUMMER

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 6

41

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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Another visit to the Chicago lamp lighters, where last year's publicity has turned into this year's international S&M conference.

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Putting the finishing touches on the Drummer Key Club.
Photo by Terry.

DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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PUBLISHER

ROBERT PRESCOTT

ASSISTANT EDITOR

EAST COAST EDITOR

ART DIRECTOR

DESIGNER

TYPESETTING

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

CIRCULATION

SPECIAL PROJECTS EDITOR

CONTRIBUTORS: JACK PRESCOTT, AL LAFONT, GAYLE THOMPSON, JASON KLEIN, ROBERT PAYNE, MARK O'LAUREN, LARRY TOWNSEND

PHOTOGRAPHERS: GARRY S. WOLFGANG, RINK, ROBERT PUZAN, GREG DAY, ATHLETIC MODEL: GUY, ZEV, ROY DEAN, JIM MOSS, KENSINGTON ROAD

ARTISTS: CAVILL, CHARLES R., MUSGRAVE, CHUCK, ANNETTE, DUO, HARRY BOOG, ADAM, MATT, ZACK, DENNIS, KENNEDY, BRICK, QUA

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MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

LEATHER COME OUT

I received DRUMMER No. 38 last week and I was very pleased when I read *The Drummer Story*, Living where I do and being a true leather fetishist, and into some heavy kink, DRUMMER is my release (other than my few yearly trips to Folsom Street and the real action). I have been with DRUMMER since Volume One, Number One and have gone through all the changes with you (the sometimes late issues, Ms. Barney and her short-lived Leather Frat, etc.). But through it all, DRUMMER has come out on top.

I've met some great guys through my ads and answering others; and have come to understand myself and my kinky needs, and have learned to let it all out. Through efforts like DRUMMER, leather has come out, and all guys will find our place to live in freedom; and that's what it's supposed to be all about.

Bill Fiedler
The Oroville Kink

IS IT POSSIBLE?

I just read DRUMMER no. 38 and I agree with Frank from Corona; I'd like to hear more from the cop and his son. It would be great to have him write a more detailed account of their relationship.

In issue No. 37 of DRUMMER, you printed an excerpt from the *San Francisco Chronicle* in S&M GOES PUBLIC about a program on S&M that quoted a 13-year-old who called the television station to find out what role youngsters his age have in S&M. Would an article be possible in DRUMMER that answers his question(s)?

Jim Summers Point, NJ

(Editor's Note: We'd like to hear more about the cop and his son [What Did You Do On The Force, Daddy?] and hope that he'll read all the letters from readers requesting same. As for your question, there is no possible framework in which we could answer his questions without running afoul of the law - which is foul enough, already.)

BETTER AND BETTER

You get better and better. I was very impressed with John W. Rowberry's Getting Off column in your great Anniversary issue (DRUMMER No. 38). I've read many books and articles about leather men, but I think this was the most intelligent piece I've read on the subject. I only wish all the weekend voyeurs who make men in leather or uniforms feel like freaks in most of New York's famous 'leather' bars would read it.

G. Kirk
New York, NY

POLICY STATEMENT

At worst, I'm acting out a chauvinistic reaction to DRUMMER's guide to Los Angeles (DRUMMER No. 39), and at best, I'm trying to understand a very serious error you have made. This is no mere matter of pointing out the error. You knew what you were doing and you were childishly obvious about it. In response to your actions and directly to the point: Basic Plumbing was the first, and still is the best gay men's club of its kind in Southern California.

And, Greg's Blue Dot Lounge is an extremely successful replacement of a dead Los Angeles landmark. Why weren't they mentioned in the guide?

Guide? That was no guide. It was a subjective compilation of personal suggestions peppered with unbelievably obvious commercial endorsements and politically motivated omissions. You still think most of your readers are jerking off instead of thinking while they read your magazine. You've insulted a lot of people in Los Angeles.

Jim Blank
Los Angeles, CA

(Editor's note: Got that off your chest? Good, now we'll get to the reason Basic Plumbing was omitted from our Los Angeles Guide. Basic Plumbing has a policy of discriminating against a variety of types of gay men. You are obviously not one of the particular types this policy affects. One of our staff members is. DRUMMER also has a policy, we will not accept advertising from any gay establishment that refuses service to any gay man based solely on his race, age, height, weight, or any other non-relevant statistic. We get enough of that bullshit from the rest of the world, we simply do not need to embrace it here in these pages. Our publisher and the owner of this particular establishment have discussed this matter and both sides seem to be hard-pressed. The establishment wishes to deny entry based on a set of guidelines we find unacceptable. Because of that, we will not accept their advertising, and we have no obligation to mention them in our magazine.)

If you knew San Francisco, you would have noticed a couple South of Market establishments that were similarly passed over. The same reason. We hold what integrity we maintain above advertising considerations. That integrity should be important to you, even if you should be one of the select few that fits every man's wet dream and wouldn't be denied entry anywhere.

The reason we neglected to mention Greg's is simply because we were not aware of this fine bar, and it was overlooked. That's unfortunate, and we would not knowingly slight any business

that we feel comfortable in our pages. You'll notice that Greg's has an advertisement in this issue, and we will find some way of bringing information about Greg's to our reader's attention.

One final note. We have never assumed our readers were anything but intelligent, rational, sexually specific men. If you were really reading this magazine, I mean with the attention that the rest of our readers pay, you'd know that.)

HAIR APPARENT

You may or may not be aware of it, but your cover models on DRUMMER issues Nos. 37 and 38 pleased a lot of guys, myself included, who are crazy about hairy armpits. And those cover men certainly had a lot of hair in their pits!

Let's see more like that, okay guys?

M.A.A.
Las Vegas, NV

HELLFIRE, HELL YES

DRUMMER is a great magazine and I buy it whenever I get to Minneapolis or Toronto. For S&M and raunchy scenes, I would say that it is tops.

I find DRUMMER a great help in expanding my sexual fantasies. Your Hellfire issues were especially good.

John
Thunder Bay,
CANADA

(Editor's note: For Pete's sake, stud, subscribe! Those long trips out of town must be making your single copy price go sky high. Unless, of course, you're going to Minneapolis and Toronto for some other reason.)

ARNELL LARSEN

It is with deep sorrow that we report the death of Arnell Larsen, artist, writer, and former DRUMMER columnist (*From the Boot-rack*) on August 27th, 1980.

Arnell left us much too soon, after a long and gallant fight against a deadly disease, which he refused to let stop him from either his painting or writing. Mr. Larsen was at work on a novel when he passed on.

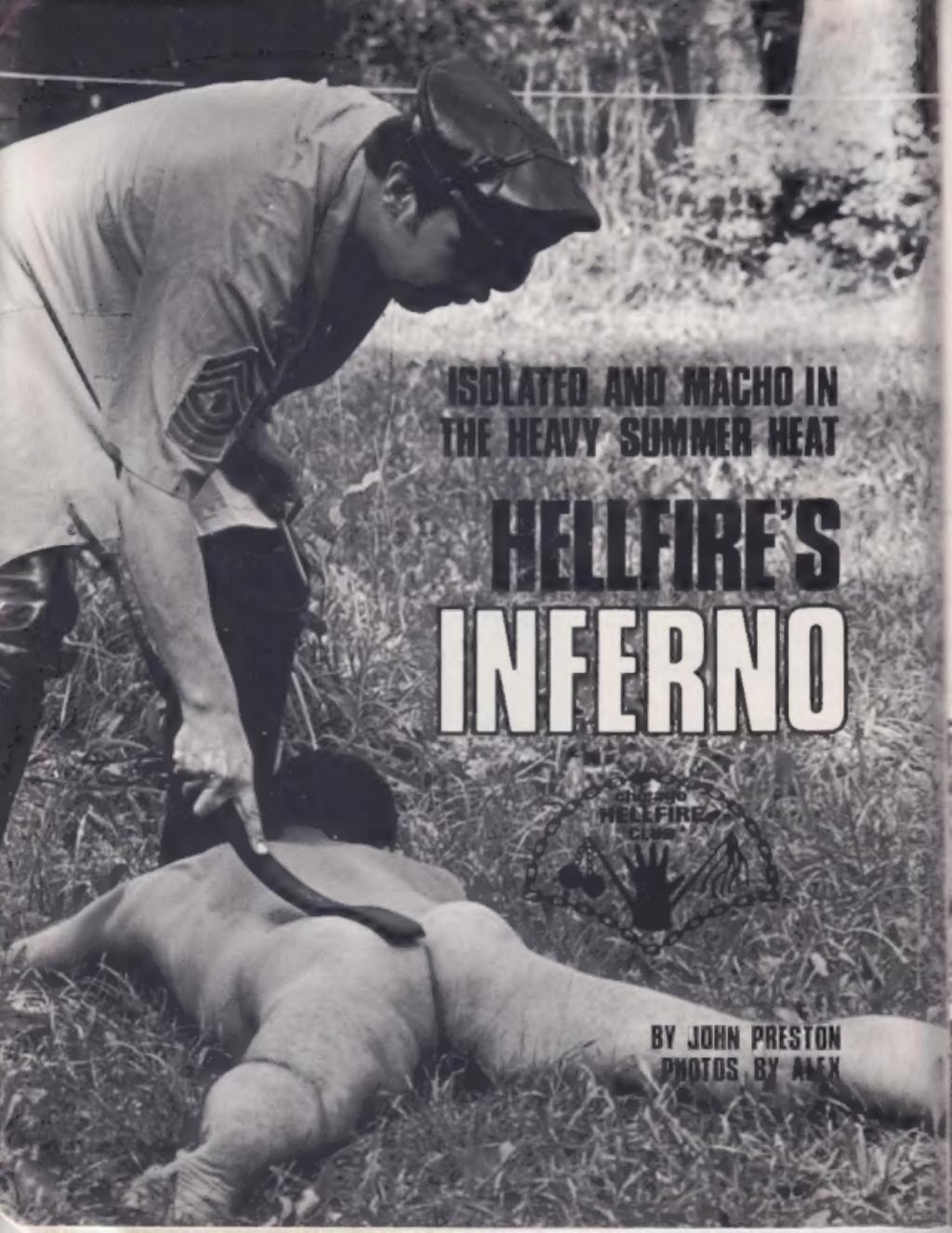
Recently, a painting of Arnell's, simply entitled 'Boots' was the main piece in the DRUMMER Erotic Art Show. His work and his gentlemanly grace had been special to DRUMMER for many years.

A friend of Arnell's, in telling us of his passing, said of him: "To us who loved him, he was a joy and a treasure, with a mind that was never still, like a hummingbird darting this way and that, drinking from each source of knowledge, and shooting out flashes of light and color and beauty."

jb BAY BAGS



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ISOLATED AND MACHO IN
THE HEAVY SUMMER HEAT

HELLFIRE'S INFERNO

CHICAGO
HELLFIRE
CLUB

BY JOHN PRESTON
PHOTOS BY ALEX

Inferno. The annual event of the Windy City Hellfire Club of Chicago. Held in a suburb (identity withheld) equidistant between Chicago and Milwaukee, The premiere S&M event of the year. Anywhere.

That's the basic information.

1980 was the Ninth year for Inferno. Last year *Drummer* gave the eighth Inferno a great deal of publicity. The photographs of the bondage contests, the scenes of discipline in the dungeon, and the article that tried to communicate the intensity of it all combined to attract over 200 men to this year's event. They came from New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Houston. They brought their attitude with them.

How could anything in Chicago be that heavy? None of the New Yorkers believed it possible that Midwesterners could pull off anything close to what had been portrayed in the articles last year. They didn't know how tightly censored those pieces had been. None of the Californians thought anyone could really have that much to teach them. They hadn't believed their eyes when they looked at those pictures.

The cocky coastal attitudes seemed to be justified as the event began. It was funny that Inferno's held in an abandoned summer camp. In the evening light on Friday it didn't even seem to be as intense a weekend as a bike run. No big deal. Everyone relaxed. The New Yorkers and the San Franciscans got ready for the remarks they'd make to one another later. The jokes, the quips. They let down their guard.

The central event of Inferno's nighttime activities is the Dungeon. All the members of the Chicago-based club pool all their equipment — racks, suspension devices, yokes — there's enough for twelve men at a time to be in bondage, their bodies open and vulnerable to what-





ever is going to happen to them. At midnight, one acquaintance from New York decided to stroll over to the building. It might be interesting, I stood beside him in the doorway and watched his face blanch at the sight and sounds of twelve men, being whipped, tortured, pierced, stretched on a tension rack, hanging from the ceiling. "Oh, my God," the words came softly from his throat.

It only takes one night to erase attitude from Inferno.

By Saturday afternoon the fact of Inferno is in place. It is happening. It does exist. It is heavier than anything your mind could have prepared you for.

It becomes commonplace in Inferno to watch naked slaves running across the yard on errands for their masters. You begin to assume the existence of real welts and bruises on naked backs. There is absolutely nothing strange about the Master from Pennsylvania who leads his two slaves around on leashes, two slaves who will never say a single word to another person, nor wear a single piece of clothing for the whole weekend. But the intensity of Inferno is so incredibly great that lines that might have existed to define the territories of fantasy and reality are not just erased — they are obliterated. To own a slave in Inferno is not a fantasy, it's expected. To whip your lover to the point where he can't even scream but is broken to animalistic sobbing is accepted as an act of love.

One thing you can't do at Inferno is let down your guard. You must be ready for anything at any time. You must

never think you can know what's going to happen. You never will be able to anticipate it all.

On Saturday afternoon there was a slave contest. It seemed as though it was going to be one of those campy showthings that go on at bike runs. You just assumed that everyone would have to bite their tongues to keep from laughing. Maybe the master of ceremonies would be in drag? That kind of thing.

And so, dozens of men gathered around the roped off arena and watched. There was no drag. Three masters in leather stood at corners of the field and waited for the contestants. The first three nude entered. Little laughs and asides were heard from the crowd. Until the judging began. The contestants approached each judge naked, scared, and totally willing. Eventually twelve men went through the paces. The paces meant crawling from one judge to another on their bellies, receiving an easy-sounding five strokes of a belt, but times three with these men doing the delivering meant all twelve left the arena with marks that they'd keep for long after the weekend.

There is nothing that happens at Inferno that isn't heavy. Nothing.

What is fantasy and what is reality? You can't remember the difference after the weekend gets going in full swing. You don't blink an eye when you see chained nude bodies digging latrines. It makes total sense when the loudspeakers announce that all toilets are off limits if you piss, you have to piss in or on one

of the latrine diggers. When you're at Inferno you don't think twice about the workshops the Hellfire Club puts on. What do you want to know about? How to use electrical devices? Catheters? Enema devices? It all sounds perfectly normal. And you find nothing strange about finding yourself sitting in the audience and getting good, sound, sober advice on all these topics.

Inferno is an event unlike any other held in this country. In some ways it is the tip of the iceberg of the *real* S&M network. The one time and place where that network shows itself and lets those of us who want to experience it make contact. When last year's events were written up in *Drummer* there were those who said the articles were too dramatic, they made the weekend sound so intense that people would be frightened to attend. Good, no one, *No One*, should go to Inferno without an already existent commitment to S&M. It is no playground. It is no testing ground. It isn't a place to experiment. You do not come to Inferno unless you know you belong there.

What happens to you when you go to Inferno? The event is so intense that you are disoriented for days, perhaps weeks after I am not making that up. When I returned to New York I went out to the "leather" bars. There is a real reentry problem. After Inferno you want the same heightened action. Vanilla sex is intolerable. It took me two weeks to find someone to have sex with. I was desperate. When it was done the man looked up at me and claimed it was the heaviest





scene he had ever been in. I told him it had been so light it was something less than masturbation.

Another friend from New York came back from the weekend. He's been around. He had had a certain reputation in S&M circles here. He returned with his tits pierced. Within a month he had five tattoos on previously unmarked skin. He was supposed to have been heavy before Inferno. Now he goes around the bars in the meat packing district with a whip on his right side, trying to find men who can meet his previously unexperienced needs.

You must go to Inferno to challenge yourself. To be able to go into areas you never thought existed. To find out how much you really are into this scene.

Another New Yorker's return to the city: He manages one of the premiere leather bars here. He immediately called a meeting of his staff and distributed copies of Larry Townsend's *Leatherman's Handbook*. "S&M is not just fist-fucking."

There's another reason to attend Inferno. The Hellfire Club is one of the very, very few places where a network of gay men honestly into S&M can meet. But Inferno is held only once a year. Every year more and more people join the Club as Members (Chicago-residents) or Associates (men from outside Illinois). Every Inferno involves more and more Members and Associates. As some of us stood around watching men filling out applications and trying to get the necessary approving signatures it became apparent to us that soon the weekend would close down; it would become private and might sink into the underworld where most really heavy S&M takes place. It won't happen this year, but the next?

You must approach the Hellfire Club and Inferno as an opportunity. And one that needs to be grasped now, before it disappears.

For information on next year's Inferno, you can write: Windy City Hellfire Club, Box 5426, Chicago, IL 60680. It'll be held on Labor Day weekend 1981. Warning: To attend Inferno you must be sponsored by a Hellfire Club Member or Associate. It will call for an interview which the Club can arrange in most large cities.





part 2

MUSCLE MACHINE

by GREG NERO

The first "All-Nations Bodybuilding Championships" had turned Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre into a gilded animal pit. The standing room only crowd was a seething mass of muscle fanatics caught up in the gladiatorial display of human flesh to the point where no one was thinking rationally any more. They were all acting like a pack of rabid wolves who had tasted first blood and now thirsted for the final kill.

What the fuck do you mean the judges want a second posedown? It's fucking obvious who the fucking winner is!" Clint angrily paced backstage, bathed in sweat, complaining to anyone who would listen. After going through a day of

smashing through his insides so brutally that it felt like it must be a new army secret weapon. As fuck sessions go, this one rated a definite "10" in Clint's books.

"Spit. Doug slowly pulled out of Clint's trayed ass and flopped down beside the heavyweight. "I'll tell you one thing, Clint," he said, after a long time getting his breath back. "A good fuck is worth two hours in the gym any day!"

"No shit," replied Clint, as if he didn't already know. He closed his eyes and sighed. Nothing like a man's spunk in your guts to remind you how great it is to be alive. Especially when that spunk is from a stud like Doug.

There was a light tap at the door.

"Who the fuck is that? Can't get a minute's peace here for anything," growled Doug.

Wrapping a towel around his waist, Clint went to find out.

"Let's, let's hope it ain't CBS, come to do an interview.

"Oh, I dunno," smirked Doug, "the folks back home might be interested to find out what a bodybuilder pumps when he ain't pumping iron."

Clint chuckled and opened the door. On the other side, looking larger than life, stood Sergei. He beckoned him in and quickly went through the intros. "Doug, you've met Sergei. Sergei, this is Doug."

Sergei nodded and looked quizzically at Clint. He hadn't been expecting two men in the room.

"Doug's a good friend of mine. We do everything together," explained Clint, tossing his towel aside and giving his nuts a tug.

"Hey, that was a damn fine show you put on out there, Sergei," commanded Doug, in his best folksy, down-home voice.

Sergei's deep, murky eyes locked onto Clint's. "But not good enough. I did not win."

Clint didn't flinch a hair. "No, you didn't. You didn't stand a chance."

The people of the Soviet Union have invested much time and money in my development. I disappointed them when I did not win. They expected me to win.

Shit, he sounds like a fucking robot, thought Clint. That got him pissed off and he spit out, "Crew that crap. You

didn't want to win for them. You wanted to win because you wanted to fuck me."

Sergei's blood pressure rose ten points. So did his big Russian meat. It was so hard now that his cock was having a tough time containing it. "Why did you tell me to win if you knew I didn't have a chance?"

Because once I saw you were hungry for my dick, I was afraid of you going soft on that platform. I wanted you in your best condition so I could whip your ass and stomp your balls for the whole world to see. And, fuck if I didn't."

Sergei's face got redder. "Why do you treat me like sh? You think I not good enough? I fuck you and I show you how good I am. I want to fuck you. I will fuck you."

"Nobody fucks me unless I want them to. And, buddy boy, I wouldn't let you near my ass with a ten-foot rubber dildo. Shithead, you are just a big piece of ugly meat to me. I hate ugly meat. I wouldn't let a piece of ugly meat fuck me." A tight smile etched the corners of Clint's mouth and his eyes narrowed. "But, you're in luck because I know just what to do with ugly meat. It's got to be trained, worked on. Worked on real good. Worked on so I can stomach it. Worked on so I won't throw up every time I look at it. That's going to take time. In your case, maybe a long time. So, if you're ever going to reach the point where I'm going to be able to stomach you, we're going to have to start your training pretty damn quick. Right now, in fact. So, strip."

Drawing himself to his full height, the Russian's eyes snapped at Doug for a second. Cold, dangerous eyes. Then click back on Clint. Slowly, not once breaking eye contact, Sergei stripped. He was mad, a powderkeg, and could barely contain his anger. But something, either fear or desire, was making him do as Clint ordered.

Let's get the ol' circulation going, Sergei, I want a hundred sit-ups and a hundred push-ups. Now, move it."

For a second, Clint thought Sergei was going to slug him. But he didn't. He got down on the floor and did as he was told without a whimper. Damn, he was a giant of a man, even by bodybuilding standards.

Clint looked over to Doug and smirked when he saw that Doug was glued to Sergei's every move, getting hot and bothered, watching all those muscles in motion. When Sergei hooked his feet under the bed to do his sit-ups, Doug edged over to get a good look at the erect cock between those huge, bronzed thighs. A cock like a fucking howitzer. A long barreled howitzer just waiting for the word "Fire!"

When he had finished with the joke some people call exercises, Sergei stood in the middle of the room uneasily waiting for his next order with nothing more than a slight pump to show for his time. Hell, push-ups are kid's stuff to a man in Sergei's condition.

Like he was a Drill Instructor on some raw recruit's tail, Clint stepped up and leaned in close, real close. "You know the biggest thing I noticed about your posing, Serge? There was a definite lack of concentration on that platform. Hell, you were more interested in my fucking cock than you were in your own routine. That's wrong, buddy-boy. You can't win contests without concentrating, so, we're going to work on your concentration."

Before Sergei could protect himself, Clint's left hand thrust out and fast and clamped his cunny nuts. Sergei winced and stifled a grunt then, like a gunfighter caught in mid-draw by someone faster, cautiously moved his hands away from his crotch, indicating he wasn't about to try anything heroic so long as there was a chance he could lose his balls.

For a long while the two men remained motionless, eyes locked, not saying a word, as Clint mashed the heavy balls in his vice-like grip. They both knew who was boss but, just to make damn sure there'd be no further doubts, Clint applied even more pressure.

Sergei remained absolutely rigid, every muscle in his body tensed and unyielding as he fought to master the pain at his crotch. His mouth quivered, his brow furrowed, sweat poured off his face like rain, but he was damned if he was going to weaken before Clint Magnum!

"Holy shit," whistled Doug. "Maybe he is a machine. Maybe his balls are made of steel."

Pissed, Clint applied still more pressure to the nutsac. Sergei just about moaned, but caught himself again and clamped his mouth shut. "That's right, Sergei, don't you go soft on me. I want you hard. I want that whole body of yours at its peak."



when I finally decide to make use of it because, if it ain't at its peak, I don't want it.

For all his tough words, though, Clint was getting a little worried. What he was doing to those balls would have had most men writhing on the floor in agony. At the very least, screaming and hollering a whole hell of a lot. But not Sergei. Sergei was definitely a breed apart.

Clint sensed that Sergei wanted needed to be dominated, by him, in fucking some ass. Someone who would go to any lengths to put him in his place, someone to look up to. He was hoping that Clint would be the man to do it and was giving him his chance. But, Clint also sensed that if he didn't break Sergei's inner control and master him soon, the Muscle Machine would turn on him, saying, "Fuck this shit, you ain't man enough for me." And, by the look of that cum-dripping horsedick, if Sergei turned, he was going to do a lot of damage before he left.

Clint gave the balls another hard twist. Again, Sergei grunted but didn't cry out or double over. "I want to see your posing routine, Shithead. I want to see every muscle and striation you got, you hear me? And you're going to act like my hand was no where near your balls. It's not going to bother you one bit."

Without a word, Sergei nodded and started his routine. Real easy, to keep from wrenching his balls any more than they were already. Because of the clamp on his nuts, he concentrated that much harder on each pose, not going on to a new one until every possible muscle had been contracted. Slowed down like that, his routine became fucking mind-boggling. Talk about big muscles under tight control pulling together to present a dynamic, slow-motion bodybuilding ballet!

Doug sat stunned, watching the moving mass of bone, flesh and muscle like he was seeing a bodybuilder for the first time. All he could say over and over again was, "Holy shit. Holy shit. Holy shit."

Coming from the other side of the room, Sergei gave a mighty heave to force air to the bottom of his oxygen-starved lungs. His swollen, clenched body was pumped up in his veins and glowed red from the blood surging through his veins. If he was exhausted and he should have been — he was doing a damn fine job of hiding in Hell, maybe he was mechanical.

Somewhere along the line, though, Sergei must have decided enough was enough, there would be no more games. Bringing his hand up, he spit a mouthful of juice into it then spread it along the length of his shaft until it glistened sleek and glossy. "I — am — going — to — fuck — you" Clint Magnum.

Clint quickly glanced at Sergei's dick. Shit, the thing looked mean. He was beginning to feel mighty stupid standing there, looking at Sergei's balls, trying to come up with a plan for that. It would be like trying to control a tank with a dog lead.

A shudder ran through the Muscle Machine. Whatever he did, he'd still have to be careful unless he wanted to rip his balls off. Fire burned in his eyes as, slowly, he contracted into a double biceps pose. A beaut, too.

"What the fuck is he up to?" murmured Doug.

Wham! Sergei's forearms swung round and slammed into the other side of Clint's head, almost knocking him senseless. Wham! On the second blow, Clint released Sergei's balls and stumbled back, arms flailing, trying to keep the lights on in his head.

For a second, Sergei's attack faltered. The fresh blood flooding his balls had knocked him for a loop, making him dizzy and unsure of himself. Nothing like oxygen-starved balls in one's testicles to make a guy jawn. But then his head cleared, and, with surprising speed, he leapt up and wrapped him in a bone-crushing bear hug. Clint was writhing and turning fourteen shades of red but there was no way he could escape.

"Fucking animal!" screamed Doug, jumping off the bed to go to his friend's rescue.

"Get back!"

Two feet, Sergei threw Clint against a wall like he was a sack of flour and, before Doug knew it, had the lightweight bodybuilder in a pro-wrestler's hold known as "the sleeper."

Doug struggled for a while but the lack of oxygen to the brain was putting him under fast. Groggy, just about unconscious, he slumped forward. In one quick move, Sergei spun Doug's 154 pounds around so they were face to face, then picked him up under the butt. As he was a little child, spread Doug's ass-cheeks wide open, and dropped him onto

his erect cock!

Doug's eyes popped open in shocked surprise as his balls valiantly stretched to accommodate the torturous battering ram. His body stiffened as more and more of Sergei's cock entered and beat a path to his guts, forcing an agonizing groan from his lips as his only defense against the on-rush of pain.

The falling weight of his own body made Doug take the cock in one continuous movement, right up to the balls, with no time to experiment or ease up on the pain. Then, before Doug was ready for more, Sergei started bouncing him up and down on the fuckpole like a jumping jack. Not slow and easy, either. Sergei was mean, fast and cruel. His dick was going to mess Doug up real bad.

Clint recovered enough to know it would be fucking stupid to try and physically break Sergei out from Doug. He'd have to try another way. "Sergei!" No response. "I'm — talking — to — you — Sergei!"

With his cock rammed up to the balls in Doug's ass, Sergei stopped his assault and faced Clint.

"I'm through fucking around with you, shithead. What's the matter, you can't fuck the heavyweight champ, so you thought you'd fuck the lightweight champ instead?"

Sergei angrily yanked Doug off his fat cock and threw him whimpering on the bed. Spitting more saliva on his cock, he started walking towards his antagonist.

Shit, the things I get into," groaned Clint. "Okay, Muscle Machine, time to pull your plug. The question is, how?"

Sergei's voice droned on louder as he closed in, arms outstretched, like some reincarnated Frankenstein monster, "I am going to..."

Whump! Clint's knee caught Sergei, full in the balls. The blond musclestud stopped dead in his tracks, bug-eyed, his balls hanging from his waist as he moaned in pain.

You felt that one, huh? You want another?"

Whump! Doubling over, Sergei cupped his crotch and gave a low, suffering moan.

"I guess you are human," snorted Clint. To prove his point, he grabbed Sergei's large tits and mauled them. Mauled them something fierce.

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Unlike the last time, Sergei thrashed about and threw his head around to try and shake off the pain. He sank to his knees like his legs had suddenly turned to rubber, whimpering and blubbering, pleading and begging Clint to let go and stop hurting him. Then the tears started.

Shit, this is fucking disgusting, thought Clint. He had to admit, though, that it was also one hell of a turn-on. One hell of a fucking turn-on!

Serge was getting off on the trip, too. He found his cock and started beating it and, with his other hand, tugged and mashed his balls. Rough, no quarter given. He was primed and ...

"Aghhhhhh!" Sergei's howitzer cock opened fire with a barrage of cum, hitting Clint hard on the leg and splashing a gooey mess over the carpet. Buckets of it. He must have been causing the stuff for weeks.

The blond musclestud's body went limp and started falling forward, shaking and quivering as it collapsed, finally ending up in a heap at Clint's feet, chest and face pressed into the sticky mess on the carpet, one foot high in the air.

"Now for the icing on the cake," grinned Clint. Getting on his knees behind Sergei's ass, he spit a good gob in the crack, hitting the bunghole dead on, then lubed his dick with more of the same.

His cock slipped into Sergei's waiting hole like the two had been made for each other, a perfect fit. But there was no time for congratulations. Clint's balls wanted action, action right fucking now, and Clint was glad to oblige. In no time he had a smooth, fast rhythm going, his balls slapping hard against Sergei's butt, and the pressure reaching the danger level in his shaft.

Sergel kept rolling his head and grinding his hips all during the assault, proving he was just as deadly on the receiving end as on the delivery. "Don't stop! Don't stop!" he kept pleading. "AHH!" Clint's cock-plunger detonated the nitro in his balls.

Artie Clint's cock-plunger detonated the libido in his balls, rocking his whole body with a gut-wrenching explosion going right off the Richter scale. He was coming so hard, he had to wrap his arms around Sergei's waist and hang on for dear life just to keep from shaking off and thrashing around on the floor by himself.

happy
hog tying
to sucking
pig piling
face fucking
piss drinking
fist eating
mud wallowing
slave swatting
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taking his sore dick with him. For a while, as his cock and balls slowly returned to their normal size and the fire in his groin went down to simmer, all he could mumble was, "Where am I? Who am I? What happened?" In front of him, Sergei let out a soft, satisfied sigh and rolled lazily onto his side, a large, contented grin plastered on his face. Hell, he was so happy, that, if he'd been a cat, he'd have been purring.

Long minutes passed before there was any kind of movement in the room. Finally, moaning low, Doug eased up on one elbow and felt his butt. The way his asshole was throbbing, he knew it'd be a long time before he casually jumped into any driver's seat. Tender was not the word for it. Changing his attention to the battlefield around him, he surveyed the wreckage and said. "Well, well, well. What happened to Sergei? He's looking mighty tame, compared with a little while ago."

C Clint sluggishly patted Sergei's ass and smiled. Thankfully, some feeling was returning to his body. Not much, but enough to make it look like he was in some sort of control. "Oh, he's alright now. I told you all he needed was an overhaul. A tune-up and a good lube job does wonders for any man. Right, Sergei?"

"Yes, Sir."

"So, when do I give you another overhaul?"

Sergei's eyes lit up and an eager edge sharpened his voice. "Tell me."

"Soon, please, Sir!"
"And when are you going to fuck *me* in the ass?"
Sergei hung his head and grinned shyly "I think I must wait until I win the All-Nations Bodybuilding Championships."

Carefully studying Sergei's limp bull cock, the heavy balls and muscular body, Clint rubbed his chin and sighed, "If I can wait that long, stud. If I can wait that long."

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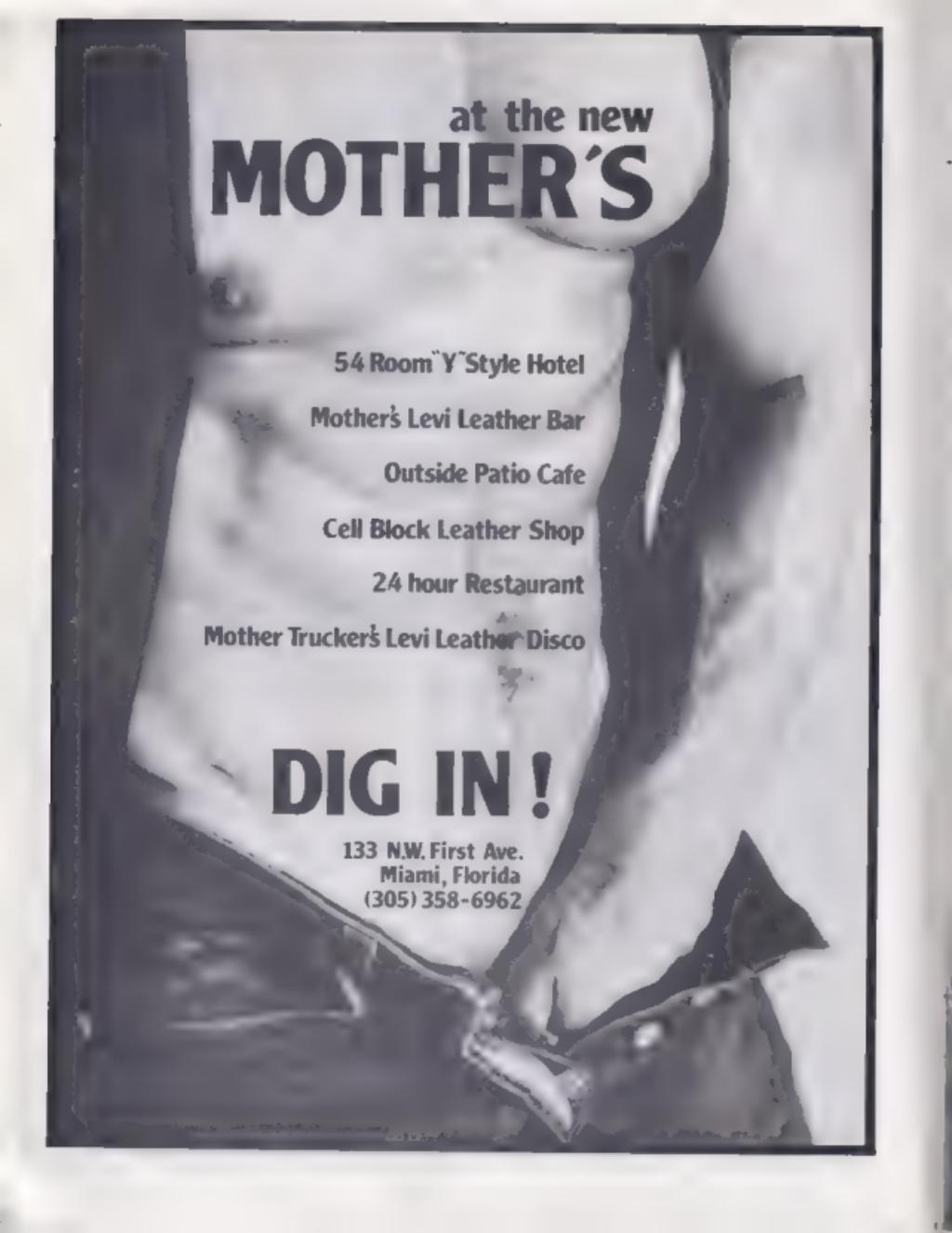
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"I see my work as the
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than tools to aid me in
showing my art."

The 35-year-old artist, based in New York, believes that his drawings are the most specific
tools he has. He uses them in
conjunction with his studio's artistic
processes to create a solid, enduring
rendition. This has affected him
and his work. Some of the pop
photorealism fine-artists replaced by the School of New
York's glorification and style. They are
solid, strong, and have a
willingness to be used in a
specific way. The
works are
well

and



west



When we started the process we can do so much more. I think some of the things that I think in our country are that we are not rating, conscious people. I think that's what has been going on in watering places places like that. I think it's the men's fault. Of course, men, who had been in the service, but were not the whole of the men, and other men who had been in the service, the work had been done. I think the men crossed the line, and I think the posters that I have seen, they're up. It had to do with the artists, the artists west, the tradition of SONG, and the like. Arnett and the like. Men who mislead visitors asked for admission to the meeting, and I made a speech, and I said for a space of time, I had a filed agenda, and the first time is born when the posters are up, and it's turned up in Los Angeles and New York.

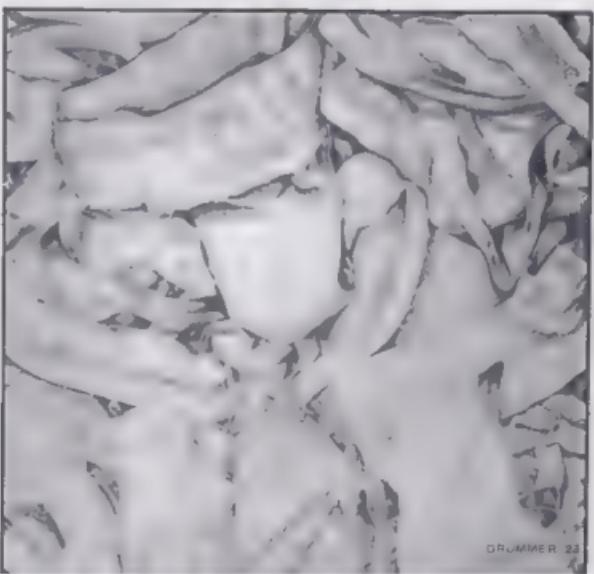
This year: a calendar, note cards
(not for the kind of notes you pass

in school notes for men who have already graduated), and a journey into another area. West is working in full-size fiberglass figures wearing leather. This is no overnight sensation, but a long term moulding and bending, a serious application of leather on life-size figures. Don't expect to see them before 1981

"A suggestive piece becomes too explicit if the viewer is not forced

to complete the scenario. I am producing the foreplay."

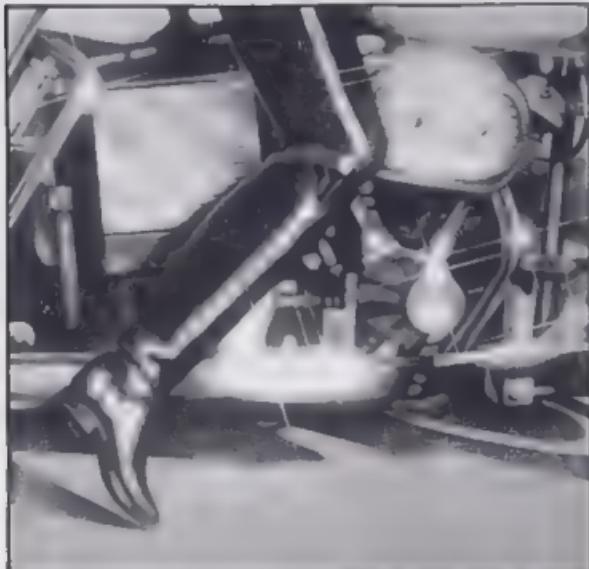
Foreplay: the striking of the match that sparks sexual madness. The uniform seen in transit. The leather-clad ass that appears in the invitation of a shadow. The flash of chrome, west is a master at foreplay — and you have to know he's going to be good at orgasm, too





"I think it's time we got away from treating our fantasies as novelties, limiting ourselves to communication through cartoons."

No punch-line last panels here, west, lower case letters only, takes the stuff of cartoons and gives them back to the men in the night. But he plays with them a little beforehand





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RUN NO MORE

By
LARRY
TOWNSEND

Ken-Wood



Run No More is the sequel to an earlier novel by Larry Townsend, *Run Little Leatherboy* - which was one of the first contemporary novels dealing with the evolution of leather and sadomasochism in an individual's life. Because a great deal of the first novel was centered around a style of life based on leather and S&M, the editors of Drummer feel our readers will already be familiar with the large part of the information presented via the plot. We have begun serializing the second novel so that the emphasis can be on Mr. Townsend's expertise at crafting a moving, exciting, sexual narrative.

PROLOGUE

THE DAMNED FREIGHTER WAS COLD. IT WAS TOSSED about the North Atlantic on mountains of black, icy-looking water. Moist ocean air carried its chill deep into the ship, penetrated my clothes and seeped beneath the cover when I tried to sleep. I was aboard that particular rusty old steamer because I'd gotten my ass in a sling at college and the Old Man had shipped me off to England for the second time.

I was still a little overwhelmed at my father's attitude when the pieces began to be unearthed and the full picture of my activities fell into perspective. I didn't know how much he understood or suspected regarding my S&M activities, but I had been his decision to send me back to Uncle Bert . . . back to London, where my mother's younger brother was a member of the most exclusive elite leather club in the world. Dad's parting remark about "doing something well if you must do it" was also a mystifying enigma. Whereas Mother knew what Bert was up to . . . at least part of it . . . I was sure my father did not. But my mother also knew that Bert had never gotten himself into trouble as a result of his activities. She may have been accepting the inevitable, hoping for the best and all, when she supported my father's decision, I didn't know. As the ship continued to plunge and buck its way toward Ico and, I began really not to care. I was too cold . . . too cold, and too bored.

At the time of my departure from New York, all the air lines had been grounded by a strike. The first ship leaving for England had been this Swedish tramp steamer, so here I was! Shit! Here I'd be for another couple of weeks. The old sow had scheduled stops at Reykjavik, Galway and Brest before it would finally dock at Southampton. We were hardly past Nova Scotia when I made up my mind to get off at Galway and take the train or whatever the hell you took to travel overland from Ireland to London. Even the prospect of finally making a scene with him . . . even this was not enough to warm my body against the chill Atlantic.

When I was down to the engine room. That would surely be one place where the clammy cold would dissipate. I left my cabin and crossed the deck to the proper hatch. I could feel waves of heat rising along the companionway as I descended, and with the rising temperature came the noise . . . the pumping throb of massive piston strokes. I could hear all else the thundering echoes as tons of water crashed against the hull. I pictured myself inside a gigantic drum, a hollow pile of moulndering iron that rose and fell like a helpless toy in some youngster's bathtub.

As I neared the engine room the metal stairs literally became a ladder (all stairs are called "ladders" on a ship, I'd discovered). The air about me was moist with steam instead of the ocean's icy chill, but mingled with the water vapors was smoke smelly smoke with the typical rotten-egg scent of burning sulphur. It brought visions of hell and Dante, except that the warmth was welcome and I had to concentrate on keeping my balance instead of worrying about the classical comparisons.

A pair of bare-chested stokers were working at the far end of the room, shoveling coal into the red, glowing maw of a furnace. Black dust clung to their sweating torsos; one, the older man had hard muscle-over-fat that made his body resemble some wrestler you might see on late-night TV. The other was young and well-built, unkempt black hair falling across his face as he bent to his task. Neither had noticed me, and I moved quietly toward one of the wooden captain's chairs that stood about a scarred, grime-encrusted table. I shoved away a couple of cold, half-filled tin coffee mugs and an overflowing metal ashtray. Dirty, noisy, smelly as the place might be, I was warm for the first time in several days.

I watched the men as they worked, feeling a surge of arousal as the muscles flexed along the younger man's back and sides. His arms were magnificent . . . like a weightlifter's, but with more natural symmetry that marked them being the result of genuine labor instead of a programmed development course in a gym. He had probably been slender in his teens, now twenty-five or so, his labor had bulked a heavy layer of solid flesh upon his entire body. As I observed his smooth, unbroken motions my gaze began to blur and my thoughts drifted through the haze of my own mental detachment. I thought again of Bert, of his dark elegance . . . black curly hair, brown eyes, I'd always thought he resembled an Italian actor rather than my preconceptions of an English gentleman. I wondered what he'd look like stripped to the waist, laboring like that stevedore. Bert must have been ten years older than the man I was watching no workingman, certainly, but his body was also hard and trim.

I thought of the things he'd told me during the short time we were together . . . the letters he'd written later when I was

in Bavaria . . . and after that, when the Old Man had ordered me back to school. Can't order me around anymore, though. ~~Can't be forced to do what I'm not master~~ . . . Was I a master? Not with Bert, I thought, and after that abortive affair I'd had with his houseman, Jim ~~not much of a master then, either~~. Bert had been testing me, and I failed. That's why he sent me off to Germany to really learn what it's all about . . . in the castle with Alfred and Kurt ~~the old dungeon~~ . . . Come a long way in the interim . . . lots of experience . . . tried it every way it could be done . . . top, bottom, and sideways. Will it be enough for Bert? Will he consider me experienced enough that . . .

"You're Wayne Hoffsteder, aren't you?" said a sharp, deep voice behind me.

I jumped, startled, returned to the present through the expanded time and space of mental wanderings I spun about to face the second mate. He was standing there grinning at me, hands on his narrow hips, legs spread against the rolling motion of the deck. He wore a thin white shirt and an old-fashioned black bow tie with dangling ends . . . no jacket, just the fitted, black uniform pants that clung to his thighs and outlined his lower body. His tailored shirt, I noted ~~the same fabric as the men's~~ ~~then in our wrists~~ stared up at him. He was Swedish, of course, as blond as I was . . . taller by three or four inches . . . must have been in his late twenties, I thought . . . long narrow facial features . . . hair already thinning . . . probably be bald by time he's thirty-five, but right now.

I noticed him before, the first day in fact. He was a remarkably attractive guy, and unlike so many of his countrymen he had relatively short legs with a long, well-tapered torso. ~~Passenger~~ ~~and I supposed it to be~~ ~~but he didn't~~ added at length, I realized he hadn't intended his tone to be accusatory, but he had been forced to shout against the thunderous roar of engines and pounding ocean swells.

"It's the only warm spot on the ship," I told him. My eyes tracked across the room to the engine room where he was scheduled to work down here all day, where he knew he'd be warm. He wasn't wearing an undershirt; the white cloth adhered to his skin in several places where the heat had made him sweat. I couldn't resist letting my gaze fall against his crotch, where a nice rise of masculine potential made me wonder if he'd neglected to wear shorts, as well. He was observing my every gesture, and I wrenched my gaze away, glanced back into his knowing grin . . . thin lips drawn tightly against white, even teeth. The skin of his face was a ruddy bronze from exposure to sun and wind. He laughed, finally, made a jerking motion with his head. "Come on," he said. I'd do a lot for a taste of that warm sweat.

"Here," he said "warm" and his sing-song made me think of the castle again, of the Swedish kid we'd strung up in the dungeon, the exquisite thrill . . .

"Here," said the mate. He'd dogged open a watertight door and stood holding it for me. He glanced over his shoulder at the pair of stokers as I started to move past him. Fortunately? Making sure they didn't see us together? I went on, stepped through the oval doorway just as the deck rose and made my knees buckle. The motion threw me against him and he steadied me, warm fingers closing about my arm as I eased forward into the darkness of the passage. "Straight ahead," he told me. He pulled the metal door closed behind us and spun the wheel to seal it in place. Immediately, the engine noises dropped to a muffled throb, and I couldn't hear the turbine whine at all.

Now down the corridor, stamping at times, at other times, the ceiling was lined with rows of steel supports. I wouldn't have been surprised if there were snakes lurking there, though they might have knocked him cold if my companion had been.

He directed me to a small compartment off the passage, a storage room that reeked of machine oil and a mixture of sweat and . . . sweat isn't pleasant. Several heavy drums were stacked against one bulkhead, bound in place by heavy steel chains. To one side of these nestled between the stacks of machine-oil cans was a cluster of half-furnture and a desk. Several upholstered chairs with the stuffing coming out along the arms and backs . . . a clouded week cat hidden to the right of the corner.

"It's my den," said the mate grinning again as I turned to face him. You might call it my workshop. Again, the "w" became a "v" and his accent made me smile.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Pettersen," he told me. "Greg Pettersen."

"Well, Greg, I thought, it looks like a little thaw in our ice of boredom."

CHAPTER ONE

THERE WASN'T ANY AIRLINE STRIKE IN IRELAND

Despite the fun and games with Greg, I disengaged as I'd originally planned when the ship docked at Galway. Greg had been fine to help pass a few otherwise wretched hours on the steamer; but he wasn't S&M . . . didn't even want to play at it. I took the first express train I could get to Dublin, and made straight for the airport. I then had a four hour wait before my plane left for London. I'd sent a wire to Bert as soon as I bought my ticket, so when the aircraft set down at Heathrow I was sure he'd be waiting for me. He wasn't.

I stood around outside the customs office for about half an hour, expecting either Bert or Jim would show up. When it began to appear otherwise, I went to a phone booth and called my uncle's number, no answer. This puzzled me, because I knew the household routine well enough to be sure someone should be there. It was barely three in the afternoon . . . a Thursday. Bert might be in his office, but Jim would surely be at home. I tried to remember if Thursday was the maid's day off, but as best as I could recall she took Wednesdays. In any event, the cook should have been there. I had the operator place the call again . . . still no answer.

Slowly, I made my way through the terminal, still hoping I'd encounter my uncle or his manservant. I started to take a taxi, then remembered I didn't have any English money. There's some kind of law against natives accepting foreign currency, and it took another fifteen minutes to get some British pounds. Then it occurred to me I might have missed whoever had come to meet me. I walked all the way back to customs, telling myself that one reason for there being no one home to answer the phone was Jim's being on the way to meet me. It was quarter to five when I finally gave up and took the cab. That put us into the evening rush-hour traffic, so it was getting dark when we reached Bert's home.

I paid the driver, and struggled up the front steps with my bags. No lights showed in the windows. Bert's home was a very fashionable residence, a gray stone townhouse, set a few yards back from the street. I was separated from the sidewalk by a black wrought-iron fence. The place had been remodeled sometime in the thirties, at which point a ramp had been built down one side, leading to a basement parking area. I still had my key to the inner garage entrance, but had never carried a latchkey for the front door. I rang the bell, knowing as I did no one was going to answer. The buzzer echoed through the house . . . twice; and still no one responded.

I jackedass my pair of suitcases down the steps, back onto the sidewalk, and dragged them along the ramp into the darkness of the parking area. I couldn't be sure, but as I reached the upper end of the incline I thought I detected someone at one of the front windows . . . just the most subtle motion of the drape. But the stone outcropping about the deep-set window severed the view before I'd actually turned toward the opening. *Foolish, I told myself, If anybody were home, he'd have answered the door.*

Bert's Jaguar sportscar was parked in its usual place, and beside it was a dusty Austin sedan. He hadn't owned that second car when I'd been there the year before, but I still didn't think to question it. I was already fumbling the chain from my pocket, noting to myself that I still carried a set of keys to my own little car . . . wondering if I'd ever see it again, when the thought struck me: *If both Bert and Jim are out, what's the car doing here? Both cars?* More puzzled than apprehensive, I opened the inner door, flicked on the light, shoved my bags inside, and started up the stairs to the main

Floor

The door at the upper end opened onto the main corridor, just in front of the servants' quarters, but behind the wide staircase that led to the second level. As my fingers closed on the knob, I felt the first stir of concern. *Something's wrong!* But it was a vague, illogical impression. I stepped through into the darkness of the hall and groped my way toward the front, trying to remember where the light switch was. I couldn't find it on the first pass, and had started to backtrack, feeling along the wall, when I noticed a crack of light under the door to the kitchen and unused maid's rooms.

Just then my fingers touched the switch, I turned the lights on and I called "Jim? Bert? Anybody home?"

There was an immediate bump and a scraping sound from the rear of the house. A door closed somewhere in back, and a couple of heartbeats later the panel leading to the service area was thrown open. I jumped . . . momentarily startled by the unexpected appearance of a complete stranger. But he must have been as surprised as I was; even if it had been he at the window a few moments before, he must have thought I had no way to get in . . . had been unable to see me when I turned down the ramp.

"Who . . . are you?" he asked, getting the words out about two seconds before I asked the same question.

"I'm Wayne Hoffsteder," I said. "Mr. Forham's nephew." I had said "Mr. Forham" instead of "Bert," unconsciously acknowledging the man as something other than a friend of my uncle's. He was dressed in a dark-colored suit — very well dressed, actually — a big guy . . . handsome in a rugged, unpolished way. But I had detected the cockney in just the three words he'd spoken, and I had responded to this, as well as to his close-cropped, dark blonde hair . . . definitely not the style I'd come to expect on any of Bert's cronies. The man was probably in his early twenties, and I remembered hearing people talk about "skinheads" the last time I'd been in London. This guy seemed to meet all the criteria. "What are you doing in my uncle's house?" I added at length.

"I . . . I'm Charles — Charlie," he replied uneasily. "I'm lookin' after the place in your Uncle Bertie's absence. I just came in the back way."

"What about Jim?"

"Jim? Oh, Jim! E's with your Uncle Bertie in Bavaria." Charles paused then, seeming to hold himself in readiness for some argument. At least, that was how I assessed his behavior in retrospect. At the moment I was confused, but I didn't really doubt him. I ascribed his uncertainty to the fact that he was probably as startled by my unexpected appearance as I had been by his. Besides, his almost comic opera cockney made me want to laugh. I accepted his explanation at face value, as yet there was no reason to doubt him. Besides, he was a big groovy number, and that lent an additional element of credibility to his assertions. He was exactly the type my earthly would have found attractive. So did I; already a few earthly thoughts were passing through my mind.

"Did my uncle leave any message . . . instructions for me?" I asked.

"Only to expect you and make you comfortable when you got 'ere," he replied quickly. He forced a smile, extended a massive, work-calloused hand. "Just call me 'Charlie,'" he added brightly.

The huge paw absorbed mine, bringing a further flush of interest to my face and loins as I continued my mental evaluation of his sexual potential. "Am I supposed to use the same room?" I asked.

"The same . . . ?"

"The same room I had last time I was here."

"Oh, yes . . . sure," said Charlie. He looked about quickly. "Your baggage . . . ?"

"I left it at the foot of the stairs," I said. I still wasn't sure if Charlie was supposed to be a servant, who would fetch my bags, or if I should go down with him and help carry the heavy pair of suitcases. He solved the problem by telling me to "go on up." He'd bring my things.

Because I had been awake for close to twenty hours, I took a quick shower, wrapped a towel around my waist, and flopped across the bed to rest. I only meant to relax for a few minutes, especially as I'd now had time to formulate a number of questions. If Bert were in Bavaria, he was probably staying with Alfred, the old man who worked as caretaker of

the castle. But, as a tourist attraction, the old place would now be closed for the winter. I couldn't imagine why Bert should have gone there at this particular time of year. I couldn't phone him, because the nearest instrument was in the village, a good three miles down the mountain from Alfred's cottage. I could send a wire, though, and I was trying to figure out a witty phrasing for my message when I fell asleep. It must have been about seven o'clock.

Fog had completely obliterated the windows when I came to. I had no idea what time it was. My watch was on the chiffonier across the room, and the bedside clock wasn't working. Though I was still groggy with sleep, I realized something had awakened me. The slamming of a door? I wasn't sure. I listened for a moment, and at first the house seemed completely still. Then I heard a deep rumbling murmur of voices . . . several men speaking together. The sound seemed to come from the front hall. I struggled to make my muscles respond, managed a sitting position as loud, clumping footsteps reverberated through the lower hall and started up the stairs. Strange, I thought, the house never echoed like this before . . . too many paintings on the walls . . . furniture . . . Furniture! It dawned on me right then. There had been two tables and a couple of antique chairs in the lower hall the last time I was here. They had been gone when I passed through on the way to my room!

Whatever doubts might have formed in my mind never had a chance to germinate. The heavy footfalls reached the upper landing and moved directly to my threshold. Without bothering to knock Charlie opened the door. Behind him were two other men, both young, both skinheads like himself, except they were dressed in jeans and workshirts. "Pretty Boy's awake," said one of them. His tone was derisive and the expressions on the trio of faces made me shudder. Charlie's previously respectful demeanor was gone. In its place was a sneering poise that left no room for further doubt. He and his companions were intruders . . . burglars, or worse!

"What are you guys up to?" I demanded.

"Cocky little bastard, ain't he?" muttered one of the men.

"Let's tyke 'im downstairs and teach 'im some manners," Charlie suggested. He started toward me, the other two . . . exactly behind him. I was scared, but I also felt a bolt of indignant rage.

What's matter? Couldn't you handle me by yourself? I asked. I slid off the bed and stood facing them, half crouched, wondering how I was going to get out of there . . . feeling trapped in my mess. In rage, trying to see things through a red curtain of anger. Charlie lunged at me, but I managed to sidestep him. I might actually have squirmed away had one of his companions not leaped forward and grabbed me.

I struck out at them, my bare feet connecting several times as I was borne to the floor by their combined weight. I was on my back, one arm held immobile against the rug, while the other hammered at whatever came in range. But it was a losing battle from the start. A fist slammed against the side of my head and the impact sent me sprawling, crashing the wind out of me. About that point, a knee wedged itself into my groin, grinding my balls against the underside of my body. Oh, did that smart! I was dazed from the blow to my skull, writhing in agony and momentarily unable to breathe. When they dragged me to my feet I wouldn't have been able to stand if two of them hadn't been holding me up. I had just managed to fill my lungs with air when Charlie slammed his fist into my gut again, making me double over. The towel had long since fallen off me, and I hung between the pair of skinheads, naked and powerless to make any further resistance.

Without a word of explanation, they started force-walking me toward the door. They were laughing and talking together in their Limehouse slang, discussing me as if I were an animal incapable of understanding them. Frightened and confused as I was, a fresh wave of horror coursed my veins as a sudden thought penetrated the pain and chaotic sense of panic: *Bert What of Bert!* "Bert . . . Mr. Forham . . ." I muttered.

They laughed again and Charlie clapped his hand against my naked butt. "E's next, eh boys?"

They hustled me down the staircase and along the hall to the servants' quarters. The entrance to Bert's blackroom — always secured and locked under normal circumstances — stood open. When they dragged me to the door, I tried to wrench free, it was my final opportunity to put up a struggle,

and it was very short-lived. Charlie's companions had hold of either arm, and they never let go until they succeeded in pitching me into the room with a force that landed me on my knees. Before I could get up they were on me again . . . this time spinning me about, throwing me down on my back atop Bert's black, leather-covered rack. My wrists were yanked down, held against the table legs and quickly strapped in place. My feet were seized a moment later and chained to the pair of padded two-by-fours that jutted out at the lower end. The rack had been built to provide maximum access to the M; I could feel my ass poking out through the opening, which gave me the sensation of being about to fall through. Unconsciously, I tried to shift my weight as the skinheads began to wrap an extra set of leather bands about my lower thighs, securing them more firmly to the pair of struts. The table (or rack) was solid from my waist up, and extended several inches above my head.

When I was finally strapped down so tightly that I could move nothing but my head, the skinheads stepped back . . . at which point I realized what the . . . My eyes . . . The sole light in the room was a red globe in the ceiling. By now my eyes had grown accustomed to it, and I was able to make out a second, naked form, suspended from a collection of chains in one of the back corners. Black leather straps had been set around his wrists, lifting his arms high above his head. He appeared to be unconscious, his chin resting on his chest. I could not see his face, but I was sure it had to be Jim . . . hard, muscular little body . . . longish black hair.

Maybe it was the first stirrings of adulthood, I'm not really sure, but the sight of Jim in his present predicament made me momentarily forget my own "What have you done to him?" I shouted. My fellow captive hadn't moved, and I was afraid he might be dead. The skinheads only chuckled and muttered among themselves. But my voice must have penetrated some inner recess in Jim's consciousness. He stirred and seemed to shudder, groaning softly as he lifted his head. He looked awful! A big splotch of dried blood covered most of his chin, and his right eye was swollen shut. As I continued to stare at him, I could see that his body was a patchwork of bruises and lacerations. He tried to say something, but his puffy lips refused to form the words.

"You mother-fucking sons a bitches!" I shouted, I threw myself back and forth, rocking the rack as I yanked and tugged to rip my wrists free of the leather restraints. I was so out of it, I didn't even see Charlie approach me. The first I realized he was there was when a sharp, painful blow ached against my belly. I dropped back against the padded surface, and the bastard hit me again. He was using a riding crop, a short braided leather whip with a spring steel core.

"You do need a lesson!" he muttered. He kept hitting me, snapping the crop against my belly, up to my chest, across the upper thighs. A couple of times the little loop of leather at the tip struck my balls, and try as I would not to give him the satisfaction, I couldn't help screaming at him, crying out in pain and rage . . . finally begging him to stop. I was bleeding before he had finished, and my stomach was so sore, so strong, like a searing cut from a place in my disordered mental state, I thought back to the time in boarding school when we'd given a guy a pinkie cut. One kid had worked on his misdection with the bristles of a hairbrush, while half a dozen of us held him down. But this went far beyond any childhood hazing. Charlie's pair of fellow skinheads lounged in the doorway, smoking cigarettes and watching in silence while their buddy worked me over.

When Charlie had finally satisfied himself, he turned away, jerked his head in my direction and asked the others if they wanted to take over. "We got other things to do," said one. Charlie turned back to me, then, standing in the opening at the foot of the rack. My feet were held in place to either side of him. He'd taken a short butt of cigarette from one of his friends, and now drew on it, making the tip glow brightly in the semi-darkness. With no warning, he nonchalantly ground it out against my skin, pressing the red-hot ember into the upper surface of my leg, just to the left of my groin. I must have been numb by his previous abuse, because it took a second for the pain to register. When it did, I couldn't hold back the scream of anguish. Almost convulsively, I bucked against the restraints, hurled myself back and forth, hysterically commanding my frenzied, futile efforts to break free.

Charlie sneered at me, left the stub of cigarette clinging

against my skin. He grabbed my balls and gave them a vicious twist. "Next time, you get it here!" he snarled. "Come on," he said to the others. They trooped out, slamming the door shut behind them.

After that I heard an occasional thump or grating sound as heavy pieces of furniture were shoved about. The bastards were ransacking the house; that much was obvious. I twisted my head around, trying to see if Jim was conscious or not. At first he didn't seem to be, but when I called to him he slowly lifted his face. "I'm sorry," he managed to say. The words were slurred, his speech thickened by swollen membranes.

"How long have they . . . they had you like that?" I asked.
"I don't," he mumbled, "days dunno ever since Bert left."

"Who are they?"

Jim shook his head, gazing at me with his one good eye. "Can you get loose?" he asked helplessly.

"Not hardly," I answered. I made as if to pull again on my bonds, but never completed the motion it was useless. The full horror of my — of our — situation was gradually displacing the paralysis. "I shock and scare . . . I'm trying to replace the receding fingers of pain. "I don't understand what's happened . . . or why." The muscles of my neck and upper back began to tremble from the effort of twisting about to see Jim. I set my head return to a more natural position, staring at the black-painted ceiling. "I mean, are they just burglars, or what?"

"I don't know," Jim rasped. His voice seemed clearer for a moment, but whatever effort the production had cost must have been too much. He immediately lapsed back into his former muddled slur. "I took Bert . . . to the airport . . . in the morning . . . two days . . . three . . . Tuesday, I came back and they were here."

"What about the servants?

"Never saw 'em . . . dunno . . . musta sent 'em off . . . maid's holiday, anyway . . ."

The whole situation seemed so hopeless . . . so impossible. I tried to think, but it was building to a point where I wasn't being rational. I kept imagining the farfetched possibilities of rescue . . . police coming to check the doors or something like that, something was wrong and calling them. "Does . . . I mean, is anyone apt to come by? Did you have a date or anything?" I asked.

"No, My fault," Jim answered. His voice seemed to be coming out of a well, and I stretched around to look at him again. There was a trickle of blood running from the corner of his mouth, and he'd dropped his body in spasms that made his belly curve in upon itself. "Charlie . . ." he gasped. " . . . brought him here . . . month ago . . . brought him for Bert . . ." His head dropped back onto his chest. He was resting . . . or unconscious. I couldn't tell which. I wondered how long he'd been strung up the way he was . . . whether he'd been given any food or water since Tuesday. Tuesday . . . two days, almost three . . . How long can a man go without water? There was a loud crash from the front of the house, which startled me and impelled me into a renewed struggle to free myself.

After a while I tried to question Jim further, but he didn't answer me. I was sure he must be badly hurt, and I'd convinced myself he was surely going to die if he was forced to stay as he was much longer. It must have been three or four hours that I was left there, unable to evoke a response from Jim, bound naked on the rack . . . unable to communicate with anyone. My thoughts in the . . . mind were, anger, despair . . . finally a more ordered decision to bide my time and wait. What else could I do? The skinheads were apparently ransacking the house in a completely methodical manner. I wondered if they were carting off the larger pieces of furniture . . . if they might be using a truck which would attract attention . . . possibly bring the authorities to investigate?

There had been a long period of silence, everything so still I wondered if the intruders could have left. Then a door banged somewhere, probably in the subterranean parking area, because I also thought I heard an engine starting up. For several minutes there was nothing more, until the door of the blackroom was opened. I looked across the length of my body, where small patches of blood had dried into crusty scabs, black-looking in the deep red glow from the ceiling light.

Charlie stood in the doorway, grinning at me. He'd taken off his tie and jacket, unbuttoned his shirt to the waist, exposing the deep blond pelt on his chest.

"The boys won't be back for a while," he said in a soft, taunting tone. "Thought I'd pass the time down 'ere." He lumbered forward, stopping by my feet. The rough surface of his hands felt surprisingly warm against my toes. He stroked them for several minutes, then absently let his hand work higher to graze my ankle . . . onto the shin.

"Do something for Jim," I said evenly.

Charlie snorted, a cross between a laugh and the sound you might make blowing your nose.

"Do you want him to die?" I demanded. "How long have you had him there, without even water?"

The skinhead brushed past me and lifted Jim's head folded back an eyelid. He grunted, maybe muttered a few words I didn't understand them, if he did. But he worked the winch and lowered Jim's body to the floor. He was hunched down below the level of the rack, so I couldn't see what he was doing. But I could hear him work the snaps as he secured his prisoner into a different position. "Get him some water," I insisted.

Charlie stood up slowly, keeping his back to me. I heard Jim groan, this followed by the clink of metal. "Water," muttered Charlie. He laughed softly, standing over Jim for several seconds. "Ere's yer water," he said, and I could hear the splash of his piss, the gagging sputter as it flooded Jim's mouth and nostrils.

"You bastard!" I yelled. "You fuckin' lousy —"

Charlie turned on me, backhanded me hard across the face. "You'd do better start worryin' about yourself!" he grumbled. He turned back to finish relieving himself. He'd struck me hard enough to make me see flashing lights and colors. I may even have been out for a few seconds, because the next I knew he'd peeled off his shirt and was starting to undo his buckle. From his previous joshing with his friends, I had assumed none of them really dug the scene. At east, they'd been making fun of Jim and Bert for the rSM practices, and one of the others had said something about "leaving the fairies in their own cage." But Jim had brought Charlie into the house . . . as a trick . . . hustler, maybe. Whatever Charlie's story, he impatiently played through it. May any doubts when he'd been here before; and now he was getting ready to make some use of me! I was still trying to make some sense out of everything, when Charlie moved out of view. He stood behind, or above, me, doing something to the rack. My feet suddenly fell as he worked the lever to lower that end. I was now strapped to a surface which canted upward at a forty-five degree angle.

I never knew if Charlie meant for the suspense to build within me as it did, but I was twisting against my bonds, trying to see what was going on behind me before he gave me any clue. I was only able to catch an occasional glimpse of flesh at the edge of my vision . . . blurred and indistinct, barely visible in the deep red glow from the ceiling. All of a sudden, sharp pain forced me to bolt upward from the surface, arching my body to pull my ass away from some source of burning misery. At first I wasn't sure what he'd done — only that he'd applied something to one cheek of my ass. It was stinging me now, the tell-tell pain seared my skin. Giggery, I settled back when I could no longer maintain the high-arched posture. Almost immediately, it happened again and again. I was crying, screaming as I had before, shouting for him to stop. My terror grew even worse as it began to dawn on me that he was driving pins through the skin of my buttocks . . . weaving them in and out, making a pattern like a seamstress basting a hem.

I have no idea what I said, and I can't remember exactly how long Charlie kept it up. I had worked myself into such a frenzied panic, I'd lost all sense of logic or reason. On top of blind, unreasoning fear the pain was overwhelming, everything else. Sobbing, formless protests bubbled from my lips with no volitional control.

He stopped as suddenly as he'd started, and I could sense rather than see him rising to his feet. Another moment, and his great calloused palm grasped my chin, pulled my head back as he shoved an inhaler into one nostril. I recognized the smell of amyl nitric and tried to turn my face away. I couldn't. Searing fumes penetrated my nasal passages and seeped up.

(Continued on page 84)

ARENA

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The above "Number One Man" poster is available on 23 by 28 inch slick poster stock with or without the Arena logo as follows: with the logo \$8 including postage and handling; without the logo, signed and numbered by the artist, limited edition of 100 copies for \$25 including postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax. Send money order to: "Number One Man," c/o The Arena of San Francisco, 399 9th St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

LEATHER IN STOCKHOLM



Stockholm, the capital of Sweden and the legendary land of blond hunk and extraordinary pornography, has 6 bars, 2 restaurants, 5 bathhouses, 2 porn cinemas, a gay hotel, 8 outdoor cruising areas, 3 stellar gay bookstores, 5 gay organizations (ranging from liberation to the infamous SLM), and an active, friendly, well-respected leather community. In fact, if you like European-style domination and subjugation, Swedes are alleged to be the best.

Stockholm is a small city in a small

country. You can travel across the city in no time at all, and go from one end of the country to the other in a matter of hours by car. But its location in the Scandinavian complex of countries make it a natural 'heart of the action'. Rivalled only by Amsterdam, Stockholm is one of the big four leather cities in Western Europe.

Except for the fact that a different language is spoken, Stockholm is a very easy city for Americans. In fact, enough English is spoken here to negate the

necessity of learning very much Swedish. Other languages are common in most European capitals, so you'll hear a variety of tongues.

Unless you stay with a friend, check out the Karivist Hotel at 23 Engelbrekts-gatan. It is a gay owned and operated hotel/pension where leather is definitely welcome, and is close to one of the major parks in Stockholm, Humlegården which you'll also want to walk through on a quiet evening around midnight.

There are no real gay ghettos like in



the states in Stockholm, although three streets that run alongside each other are extraordinary cruising areas, given the fact that they are filled with bookstores and gay cinemas. The streets are Klara Norra Kyrko, Gatani, and Gamla Brogatan. Everyone knows where they are.

Stockholm and the immediate area has a number of nude beaches, most notably the beach at Brunnsviken, Langholms parken, and Svartsjö Beach. All are easy to get to, although the last requires a 30 minute walk after you get off the train.

The best guides to Stockholm are unquestionably the members of SLM Stockholm (Scandinavian Leather Men). SLM is the host of the annual Baltic Battle leather meet (this year's was held for 3 days in June in the city), where leather men from all over the world gather to take care of club business, party, make new friends, enjoy special events, get down, get it on, and get off. The SLM will gladly send you informa-



get his ass beat. But they're learning from American visitors, and from visiting our leather capitals. Given how rapidly things change, by the time you read this it will be customary to grab hot leather studs off the plane when they arrive and ask questions later.

S&M in Sweden is as hot as S&M here. There is still the same unequal ratio of tops to bottoms, but European leather men tend to be more versatile. It may be the right night that turns a usually passive bootlicker into a tough whip-cracking taskmaster.

There are no laws against homosexuality in Sweden, and the country has a political left and progressive structure. The police are police, but hassles are limited to gross public displays of misconduct. Since prostitution is legal in

Sweden, the police take a different view of victimless crimes. Drug use, however, is very much a no-no, so don't make the mistake Billy Hayes did in Turkey. You might get offered cheap drugs anywhere. Forget any fantasies about bringing them into the states and making it into the big time as an uptown dealer. It doesn't happen that way, except in the movies.

Tourists enjoy some special benefits traveling in Sweden including transportation passes that are good on all city lines for three days for a nominal charge, American-style lunches and dinners in restaurants that use Swedish dishes in a manner understandable and common to western tastes, and any number of other things. A letter or trip to a Swedish tourist office or agency can answer a lot of questions.

tion about their club, including information about their club house in Stockholm and its hours; answer your questions about leather life in the city, and steer you in the right direction when you visit their city. Their mailing address is SLM Stockholm, Box 9239, S-102, 73 Stockholm, Sweden.

Another organization, the RFSL, is the host for the annual Gay Pride Week held in Stockholm in August of every year. The organization can provide you with information about what events and activities are planned for the coming year (but contact them no earlier than May) and keep you up to date on new gay clubs and accommodations. RFSL, Box 15148, S-10465 Stockholm, Sweden.

You'll also see the publications by Revolt Press in all the gay bookstores in Stockholm. In Europe, Revolt is the big name in leather and S&M. Their two publications, *Mr. S&M* and *Toy* dominate the leather scene. Sweden has no laws on pornography, but getting copies back in the States can sometimes be a problem. If you see some of the hot, serious, hard on action they publish, however, you'll probably try.

Leather in Stockholm is like leather anywhere. Men get suited out in super shiny black boots, chaps, vests and jackets and they mean it. The big difference is that sex with Europeans does differ. Swedes are just getting to the point where they can walk up to a hot dude and outright ask him if he wants to



MEMBERS ONLY: A GUIDE TO SPECIFIC ORGANIZATIONS

*Alvin Toffler, in his culture-expanding book, *Future Shock*, futurized that some day soon there would be a newspaper for every neighborhood, a television program for every special interest group, and an organization for anything. What constitutes anything, for Toffler, is very literal. His example was a daily newspaper for transvestites. Had he waited a few years to write his prophetic book, he might have included magazines for drug users, or a newsletter for black men who sexually prefer white men (and vice versa), or a roster of piss drinkers and shit eaters. The present, Toffler's future, has become even more specific than was first imagined.*

It's no false claim that gays have been at the vanguard of sexual crystallization. Sexually the most attuned of the species, gays have explored and formulated specific sexuality to a fine art. So what will be discussed and reviewed here is a cross section of specific sexuality and sexually specific organizations. Some are old; some are new; some have grown out of others; some publish newsletters; some meet with regularity; some are very closed and others are easy to join. Rather than fragmenting a sub-cultural group (as do politics and religion) the specific organizations involved only cater to a fraction of the total person, the sexuality. Also, only eight organizations will be included in the first part for variety; and no value judgements or endorsements are intended.

contact organization, but are included here because of their unique position in the gay community to bring black and white men together. Their city-chapters publish individual newsletters and hold local meetings. The San Francisco (home) chapter publishes an 18-page monthly newsletter with about 6 pages of personal ads. Again, contact is the primary focus of this organization, although it is in tended solely for gay men.

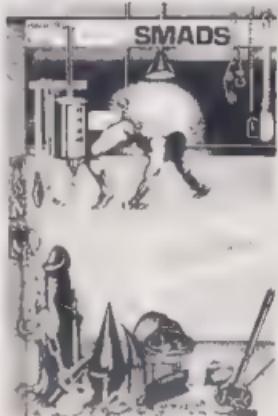


YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME

The Holiday Bulletin is another old timer, in existence since 1971. It is geared towards men over 40 and those who would prefer to meet men over that age. The Bulletin is correspondence-oriented, and publishes irregularly. Each Bulletin contains 100 coded ads, and a forwarding fee is charged. The organization also publishes guidebooks to cruising, a tract on age experiences, and a how to book on 'expert French lessons.' The Bulletin holds no meetings.

S&M THEN AND NOW

One of the oldest groups publishing a newsletter is SMADS (S&M ads) in New York. Marshall Loeb started the limited circulation newsletter eight years ago, when personal advertising contact was limited to a smattering in the old *Advocate* and fewer brave ads in *Screw*. Since Loeb was himself into S&M, and a great believer in making contact through classified advertising, he launched his specific newsletter as a monthly and began advertising it in the two available outlets. It was, during that time, the most upfront collection of sexuality available. Every



specific sexual desire, from basic S&M to scat and water sports, heavy bondage to shaving and piercing appeared in its pages. Along with drawings, some chat, and a coded remailing service, all the ads in SMADS are coded, and a remailing fee is charged. Currently the newsletter is bi-monthly and costs \$2.50 per issue, it runs about 28 pages and has begun publishing a series of articles by the author of *Mr. Benson*. SMADS is strictly correspondence oriented.



THE RACE BARRIER

BWMT (Black and White Men Together) was formed in San Francisco and is already a national organization with chapters in every major American city. It is mainly a support group for interracial couples and black gay men, with work being done in political, media, and business areas. BWMT is not a pure sexual



BOOTS AND/OR SOCKS

The Foot Fraternity is much younger. Organized by an extraordinarily hand

some man who was tired of the limited access available to people with a sexual proclivity that was centered around footware, the Foot Fraternity has already grown to include over 200 worldwide members. And that since January of this year. While the foundation for the Foot Fraternity rests on shoes and foot gear, its members include men interested in specific clothing and a variety of related objects. The organization also publishes a newsletter, usually 32 pages, on a bi-monthly schedule, with coded and non-coded ads, reader's letters, fiction, information articles, and true experiences. "I knew how difficult it was for people interested in footware to meet each other, including myself, so I started the group," says organizer Art.

The Foot Fraternity has a membership fee that includes the newsletter. An annual gathering is planned for the near future.



WET TISSUE

Probably the fastest growing specific organization has to be The Toilet, started in late 1978 with 15 members and now publishing a roster of over 300 after a year and a half. The bulk of the members are from the West Coast, and The Toilet, unlike some of the other organizations, already faced the fact that some of its members would be coming from organizations that catered to their specific desires in part or whole. The thing that seems to make The Toilet work well is that almost all of the members list their phone numbers in the member's roster. A good deal of immediate contact is available, since even the time spent sending a letter is reduced.

The Toilet caters mainly to water sports and scat oriented men; however, as is true with all the organizations mentioned, there is some spill-over into other specific areas: jock straps, some S&M, verbal abuse, public humiliation, etc. The Toilet organizer, John Hole, says the

membership listings are updated daily, and each new roster sent to members is 100% accurate. That's because a new member receives a main roster of members and an update sheet is sent out routinely. The member keeps his basic roster up to date.

The Toilet also provides remail service and address listing. The current roster, representing the current membership, runs about 16 pages of very small type. The Toilet has a basic membership fee and updating dues, it is strictly a clearinghouse, and holds no meetings or conventions.

INTERNATIONAL STUD

Interchain is an international contact organization with offices in New York, Switzerland and Holland. Membership includes a club T-Shirt and very personalized contact service. The organization caters to S&M and related interests and publishes four rosters a year. Care is taken that members are made aware of each other when international interests/contacts are desirable. Hosting arrangements (mutually) are encouraged. Information about specific member countries is available. Bulletin ads are coded for identity and sexual specifics, therefore illegible without a decoder, which is only available to members. The organization has almost 1000 worldwide members. Translation service is available to members.



BARTERING

The Slave Trader concerns itself only with S&M oriented activities. Membership includes a listing in their newsletter, and remailing service (there is a fee for answering ads charged to non-members). All ads are coded, the newsletter runs about 10 pages, with some photos. Another strictly correspondence club with no meetings or gatherings. Membership is national, a few foreign listings.

lbs., 8" uncut, experienced Master or slave with cabin in the mountains for outdoor scenes. Have had excellent training in both roles. Am gentle but firm, respect limits. Not into excessive pain or force. Prefer the ex-perienced.

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SAN FRANCISCO, go out with. Seeks dominant man, leatherman SS or GS, head traps discipline mad doctor C/B. When few other outragous things that we will do x out of. No one who doesn't know us. Please, Sir.

NORMA K. S. 100 lbs, 5' 6", 18 30, who is willing to serve anyone like what I dish out am 23, 5' 6", 125 lbs.

OUR CROWD

We couldn't resist including ourselves. The Leather Fraternity is the brother organization of which Drummer was originally its member publication. Currently the Leather Fraternity has over 500 active members. Members automatically receive Drummer subscriptions with their membership, and a complimentary ad listing, either coded or non-coded, for the term of their membership. Membership card allows entry to The Drummer Club in San Francisco, and members automatically receive invitations to all Drummer events. Added member-only benefits include a discount card for all purchases at The Studstore in San Francisco, and special invitations to selected events throughout the country hosted by other organizations and businesses. Membership is yearly. Forwarding service is provided for members, fee charged to non-members.

SOURCES

The Leather Fraternity/The Drummer Club, 1500 Folsom, San Francisco, CA 94103.

Interchain, Box 410, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011. (USA Office). Slave Trader, Box 253, Naperville, IL 60540.

Holiday Bulletin, Box 1208, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

The Toilet (Write to: John Hole, 433 Douglas Street, San Francisco, CA 94114).

Black & White Men Together (Write to: BWMT, 279 Collingwood, San Francisco, CA 94114).

SMADS, Box 712, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10013.

Foot Fraternity, Box 3385, San Francisco, CA 94117.

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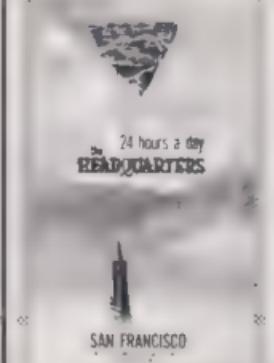
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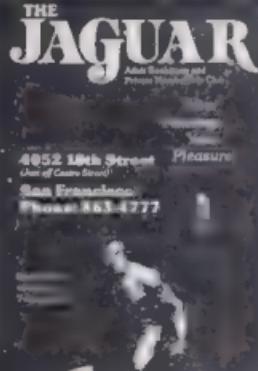
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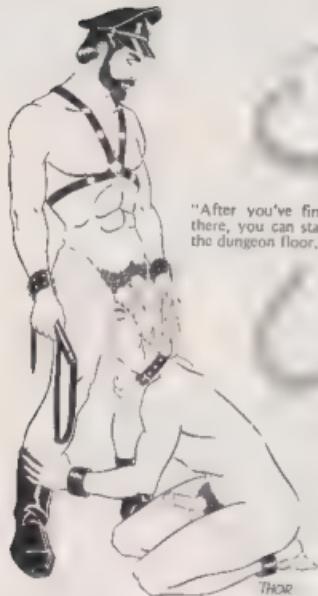


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"After you've finished
there, you can start on
the dungeon floor."



"No, I'm not into rubber particularly the building's on fire."

DRUMSTICKS



"Looks like the doctor got dressed in a hurry tonight!"

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KEY CLUB CARPENTERS



PHOTOGRAPH BY TERRY

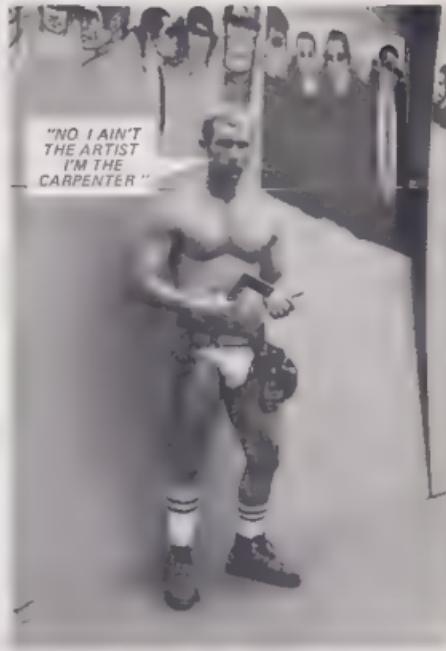
DIALOGUE BY ROBERT PAYNE

It seemed like a good idea at the time. DRUMMER has been packing houses from coast to coast with the DRUMMER parties. How about packing our own? G-orski! What a neat idea. A DRUMMER Club of our very own! The prospect sounded more exciting than anything since the time we built the tree-house club-house as kids and jerked off to tattered copies of *Boy's Life*. Ah, our hearts were young and Gay

TIRELESS, DEDICATED, HARDWORKERS ALL...



"HOW COME
YOU WANT
ME TO
HOLD THIS
FOR CHRISSAKES?"



"NO I AIN'T
THE ARTIST
I'M THE
CARPENTER"

WHATTHEFUCK IS THE LEATHER FRATERNITY?!

So along came the prospect of taking over the neglected Plunge south of Market in 5th & N F^{or} Aⁿ C^o S^h C^o O which had been the Covered Wagon, The Leatherneck, Dirty Sally's, The Stables and The Plunge and showed the battle scars. DRUMMER supplied the paint and the money but where would the manpower come from? Like the miracle of the Loaves and the Fishes came a line of DRUMMER Devotees seeking to help and/or employment. Three crews of workmen have come and gone before we found the dedication we sought. As the new DRUMMER Club neared completion, photographer Terry of San Francisco came over to record the before, if not the after. These pages of photographs are his results, with a couple of exceptions which are the work of Dave Sands and Jim Moss. The dialogue is ours, since what was actually being said doesn't really look good in print in a magazine with the sensitivity of the readers of DRUMMER.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All play and no work results in very few results. Somewhere between the two is truth and somewhere between the hunky young fellows who stripped down and strapped on their leather carpenter's aprons around those pulsating rock straps. Oh, there was some goofing off here and there. The magazines being installed in the Studstore next to the pool were tempting as was the pool itself. A bit of grabassing is healthy among growing boys and there was a lot of shower taking. Fortunately the refrigeration and the beer hadn't been installed so whatever went on was done relatively cold-sober.



"DO YOU THINK
I'LL GET TIME
AND A HALF



Photo by DAVE SANDS

"O.K. WHO THE
FUCK TOOK
MY LEATHER
APRON?!"

"THAT
TOOL
DOESN'T
NEED
ONE!"



EACH STRIVING TO CREATE PERFECTION.

When the photographers came in to do their work for DRUMMER's articles and covers (a dedicated lot, those photographers), it slowed things down considerably. With those hunky, uncovered hulks running around all hot and horny, the poor distracted workmen could only follow suit. Back to the showers again. It will be a wonder if we ever get the place finished.

But getting there is half the fun.

"SEE YOU RUB IT
AND RUB IT AND LOOK
AT WHAT HAPPENS!"



Photo by M. MOSS

"HEY! YOUR
TOOL NEEDS
SOME ELBOW
GREASE."





WHAT THE F***
IS THE LEATHER
FRATERNITY?



I THINK
IT'S TIME
FOR ANOTHER
OLD SHOWER



HEY BUDDY
I THINK I KNOW
WHERE YOU PUT
THAT SCREWDRIVER
YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR

DRUMMER TRUCKER PARTY!



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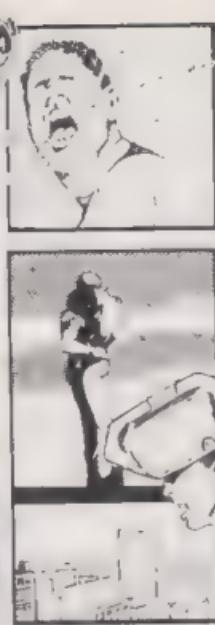


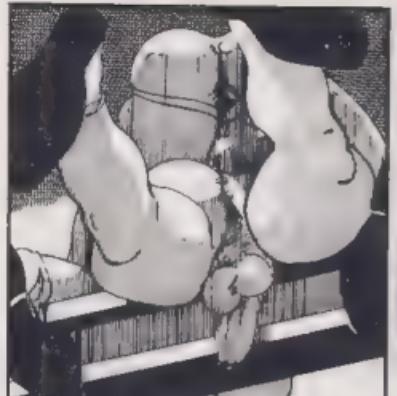
DRUM



BY BILL WARD



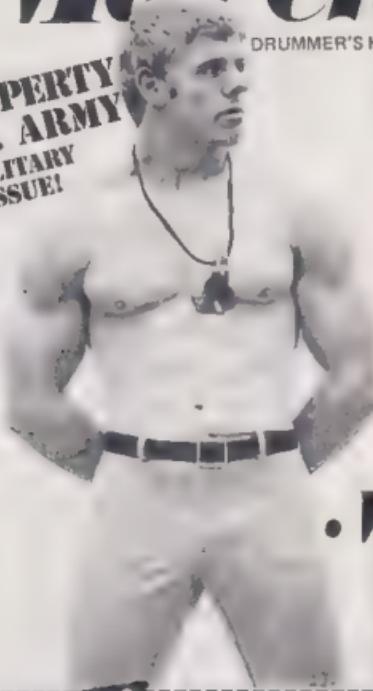




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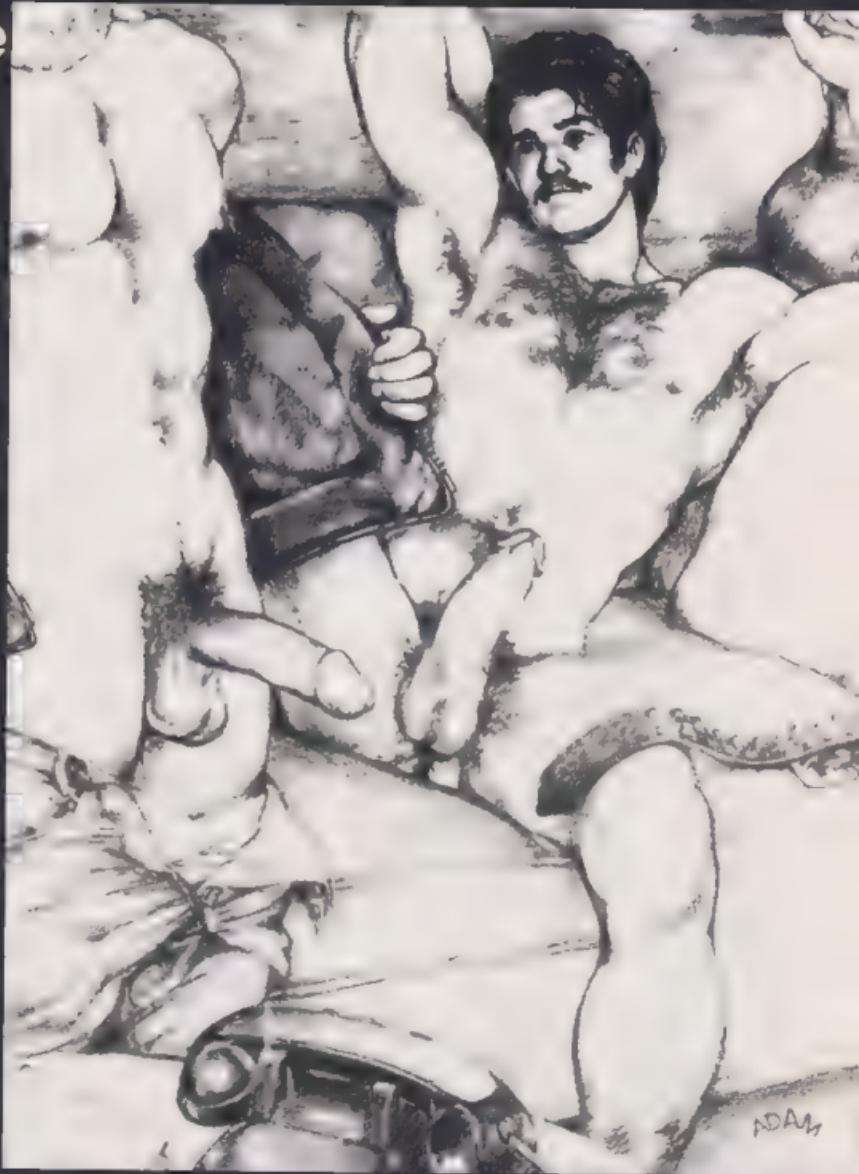
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The Amsterdam- nude- cent

By

Ron Hunter



The second we stood up he left smacking happening between his legs.

He tried to blame how he'd been sitting, or how long, or how wrong his new underwear fit. He tried to concentrate on other things. Like the record the blond boy in the finger-smearred plexiglass booth had played over and over all night long, smiling out over the dance floor each time. Or like the pale corgidog sun of 5 a.m. struggling up over two lumpy greystone buildings at the corner of the Damrak, Damrak, Nieuwendijk, Radhusstraat, Rokin, Kalverstraat. He recited the streets that ran off the Dam Square, and each was a Pompei, we're piled it's cool, he could drift into the beer and the no-sleep and the chill blasts of dawn air had destroyed his self-control. He knew he shouldn't, he knew it was the worst thing he could do, but he felt his cock. Hard as a racquet-handle. He hunched shoulders forward and pulled sweater down until it was just a pocket of flaps of band could conceal ridge of cock. He looked around to see if anyone was watching, staring. He mocked himself at 5 a.m. in this cold what did he expect, the whole population of Amsterdam with kids and cameras out to see his stupid hard on? And of course he was alone in the windblown square except for a beige lump asleep? dead? in the far corner, stretched on a bench. He felt guilty anyway. As usual

He walked toward the War Memorial, a huge grey-white obelisk shape sticking straight into the air like . . .

He rubbed his cock again. At least it warmed his fingers. He stared blankly at a wooden box of plants on the base of the memorial. A few tired leaves stuck up at him through layers of cups cans butts bags christ-knows-what else stuffed into the roots and branches of what looked like some incredible Dutch hybrid of Impatiens. He reached into the junk and pulled out a filthy McDonalds bag. He pried it open, thinking the standard things about western civilization. He held it out. "This was dead when I dug it up." He placed the least disgusting things in the plant box and dropped them into the bag. Suddenly, he saw color! Flowers, red and orange flowers! He started scooping out the compressed crud by the handful and stuffing it into the McDonalds bag until it almost ripped from the weight. Then he pressed the exposed plant roots back into the semi-cleared earth. Looking at him then, you would have thought he was a member of the Parks Department, as he cleared and dug and packed and shook out the battered plants. Breathing hard, he finally stopped and shouted out to no one and everyone "Never had a thirty-thousand dollar plant in my life." He turned to the memorial. "So you owe me one and don't you forget it!"

He stood there with his big ticket stubs in his hand. He felt his cock drop shift in his shorts. Gardening had half-killed his hard on. He stared at his hands, smeared, earth-stained, a piece of something dangling off one fingernail. He felt like a dirty kid. Almost panicking, he searched for somewhere to clean his hands before someone saw them but where? He called himself a fucking idiot. He slapped down hard on his thighs. Then looking at the handprints on his pants, he knew what it was. He stood there, hands helplessly. And suddenly . . . they weren't his hands anymore, they were 14 year old Bryan Firth hands, one day, one very definite day, another June long ago, but this time on a small patch of green and red lawn in front of his parents' house, 12 Bradford Road, and he, Bryboy, crouched on the lawn with a weeder in one dirty hand and a naked white dandelion-root in the other, crouched watching not the weed but the Firths across the street. The Firths, seventeen now, polishing his car as usual, and as usual wearing only his faded yellow track shorts, working up a shine on his car and on his skin, his big solid brown skin, tanned like leather so early in the summer, moving, rippling, straining over the car hood, legs springing shoulders dancing, forearms taunting, while his, Bryan's hands groped blindly for another dandelion to uproot, while his eyes drank the sweat of Carl's body and tried to sweep up through it, catch a fisher's pale eye glowing in the shadow of the yellow shorts . . . and then a car passed between Bryan and Carl's cock . . . his father's car, home early, and Bryan flicked down his head and jabbed the weeder into the grass miles from any dandelion and felt his face flush as his father called out "Hey Bryboy" and then "yeah, well as long as you're doing something useful I guess I shouldn't expect a smile too," and he, Bryan, peered up and watched his father go to the street edge of the lawn, bend, pick up something and call to Carl "Hey Carl, this yours?" and Carl looking on, "Yessir Mr. Firth, guess it is sir," and walking

laughing to his curb, the lowering sun drawing perfect rectangle on his big chest and belly . . . and Carl rubbing one hand across his damp slabs of flesh, making his nipples peak and point into Bryan's eyes like advertising fingers, while he, Bryan, lost what he's father and Carl were talking about because his ears rang and his head pounded and his cock stabbed into his stomach like he was leaning on a picket fence, and he couldn't stand, he didn't dare, so he half crouched across the grass at the hose faucet, spun the handle, grabbed the hose and turned it on himself full tilt and then leapt up with a yelp at the icy water drilling into his body and stared rigid with fear at the two faces, his father's and Carl's, turned on him harder than the hose and laughing. Laughing . . .

He blinked and shook himself back to reality. Bryan Firth, Age 35. Place: Dam Square, Amsterdam, Time: June 6, 1977. He said all this out loud, trying to calm himself. As he spoke, he brought his muddy hands up in front of his face. His breath bounced back at him — it *smelled* like the bottom of a beer glass. He slammed his eyes shut, like canal-lock gates against walls of water. And then, he saw it. On the back of his eyelids. The face of Banette Fenecat. Laughing. Laughing.

Every so often in your life, there is an instant in time when you change forever. Usually, the change is only a notch, a degree, a soft clicking noise, like a single tumble-bolt falling into place in a six-digit vault lock. Not quite enough to swing open the ten-ton steel door, but on the other hand . . .

Guilty.

He unzipped. His cock leapt into the morning. He cupped his balls and cradled them out over the zipper-teeth. He stared at himself. The brightness of his skin dazzled him more than the surprise flowers in the plant box. Breathless, he gripped his straining cock. His belly flattened with the shock of cold on hot. He pumped slowly, steadily, squeezing his balls against fabric and zipper on the down-stroke and spreading the droplets of lubricant at the tip of his cock on the upstroke. Six, eight strokes and he was drunk with his power and brilliance. He teetered on the brink of orgasm. He teased himself. Suddenly, out of a street on the far side of the square, spurted a car, a little white car, parking across the road. It was looking for something. Bryan's hand moved faster, tougher. He snatched great gulps of air. He surged forward in the balls of his feet. His knees locked and air hissed through him like wind over a glacier. And, just as everything shot out of his cock, smacking the stones with resounding manly splats, the black letters on the side of the little white car screamed at him: POLITIE.

He stuffed his cock in his pants Zipper stuck. He scuttled around behind the monument out of sight. He leaned against the cool stone. Warm, dazed, smiling, he stretched his arms over head. He groaned with the ecstasy of total surrender, surrender to the now-beckoning face of Banner Fenecat. He opened his eyes halfway. Had the little white car arrived to take him away? No. Nothing. No one appeared. A blitz of pigeons swooped down out of nowhere on a breakfast hunt. That was all.

He rooted around his wallet and found the card. Three months gunked at the edges, it said 'L. Banner Fenecat, Vice President and Creative Director, Gaunt & Macaulay Advertising.' He belted his glass of young genever gin and signalled the waiter for another. He leaned back and felt the stuff warm the inside of his head.

Banner Fenecat, just the name fascinated him. Maybe a snake would have fascinated him too, but the difference was with Banner he could barely restrain himself from grabbing the man every time he saw him. And he saw him often. In the Highwayman after work. In the Licorne at lunch. In the streets of the area downtown where they both worked. Trouble was, every time they met and spoke, a quickly bored Banner would move off with Bryan just as casually as he could and silently yell at himself for not saying this or that, for being bland when he should have been bizarre. Yes, Bryan had convinced himself, they should have been much easier together, a team even. After all, how many gay corporate vice-presidents are there rattling around these days?

By the half-gin it was morning, Bryan would wail. Dream up elaborate plots and scenarios about how he and Banner would finally come together. Often violent, these misty dramas always ended with two bodies crashing at each other like cymbals at the climax of some Russian symphony. Bryan would clutch his almost painfully hard cock, until, along with the dream, it subsided and he woke up. He would lurch to the bathroom and lean on the sink and through squinting eyes examine himself in the mirror. He was usually surprised to find he looked so... well, it was weird. Their names stuck, he resolved not to think about Banner anymore. Which he managed to do for a good two or three days.

Now he sat slugging Dutch gin and remembering specifically, one afternoon, sitting at the bar in the Highwayman, waiting for Stephanie, reading some trade-paper article on computerized group-insurance frauds, and, at one point, looking up and seeing a man, at a stool diagonally across the bar corner, about ten feet away, a man half turned away from him and talking to someone and smoking. Bryan had stiffened and felt his throat tighten. Whether it was the light bouncing off the bar mirror or the angle of sight or the man inside him, Bryan couldn't decide which, whatever it was made him focus on one specific thing: a hand. It was thin, straight, locked under a cheeckbone, supporting a head like a gothic buttress; its first two fingers slanted up, pinching a filter at their tips; its other two fingers curled down out of sight, the full trapezoid of the back of the hand blazed at Bryan's captive eyes. The hand had the texture of pale suede, no tufts no coarse patches of hair, just a flawless chunk of leather-covered rock, its shadow-patterns carved by veins under the skin transfixing Bryan's nerves and cells and rippling carrying him over to remember when he last saw the hands, pale fingers to two perfect, uncreased rectangles of fingers, that she impressed like new-born ice in a piano in December. He tried to tear away, but his eyes were still hypnotized by the tiny epiphyses in the hands, the passing, the fleeting, moving shadows. By the time Stephanie arrived, Bryan actually felt dizzy and dragged her into the place to another bar. A week later walking into the Highwayman again, smacked into the middle of a roaring party, he spotted Stephanie in the crush. What's all this? 'Oh, Banner Fenecat's just been made vice-president of his agency, now he's exactly like you darling.' Stephanie winked blearily and charged off for more champagne. Crazed by the moment, Bryan took a deep breath plunged forward, surfaced inches away from a big, laughing face and shouted 'Congratulations... was getting one's...' and thrust out one of his business cards. Bryan with a yirth, Vice President, Underwriting, Commonwealth Insurance, the face read too loudly. Then a hand, the hand, appeared inches from Bryan's face. I held the card Bryan still kept in his wallet. 'One of these is probably worth two of yours on the street,' his mouth curled like a cat's, 'but champagne makes me crazy, keep it.' And he turned back into his crowd, missing Bryan's come back 'yeah, it does that to me too...'

Bryan guffawed at the memory of how he met Banner. A dozen Amsterdam cafe people shot him puzzled glances. He ordered a third gin. And he decided, again, things would be different when he got home. After all, he knew what the problem with him and Banner was. Oh, at first, he had told himself

he was purposely holding off, not wanting to get involved with Banner because he, Bryan, was already involved, married, having an affair, or whatever the word is, with Paul. And for a while, he actually believed it. But, one afternoon in the Highwayman, after Banner had strolled away from him one more time, the truth came to Bryan in a flash. He was afraid. Of not being able to satisfy Banner Coghill. Of being reassured and patted warmly after drooping in the clinch. Of not being asked for seconds. And that being a one-nighter, the ultimate guilt fueling indignity - was what Bryan was afraid of.

"But no more" he promised the little glass of cleaning-fluid-gin in front of him. "L. Banner Fenecat, here's to us!" He gulped, coughed, got up and left.

"You look different. What is it, a facelift maybe?" Renee greeted him back to the office Monday morning.

"None. I simply discovered the elixir of eternal youth - Dutch gin and canal water. It can make anyone beautiful. Even you."

"How come they didn't seize you at customs? You're an offensive weapon."

She then informed him that she'd refused to commit him to any meetings all morning. "I need the time to retrain you, after all!" She had also arranged 3 weeks' worth of mail and memos into 3 piles on her desk. Labelled, A - Hot Stuff, B - Not Bad, C - Lies and Gossip. Bryan went for the C-pile right off. Then, at 10:30, his head still in Amsterdam, he buzzed Renee to place a call for him.

"Banner? Bryan Firth calling. How are you?"

Silence

"Bryan-with-a-Y! I'm wrecked. And where have you been hiding?"

"I Europe. You knew that."

"Sorry. Me. Slow. Monday."

"Well, anyway... the sex change operations went without a hitch..." Bryan heard himself imitating Banner. He hoped the other hadn't noticed

"Sex change? From what to what?"

"Thanks!" Bryan laughed, trying to change his voice back to normal. "Listen, the male population - all of it - of Amsterdam asked me to give you a great big wet one. But I can't do that over the phone. So. How about lunch?"

"Today?" Banner paused ominously. "Well, uh, sure. Why not."

"All this enthusiasm must be a strain on your heart." Bryan said calmly, amazed at how nervous he didn't feel

"What heart?"

"Oh spare me that shit. So. Table for two at the Licorne at one. Are we on?"

"We're on."

Banner looked anything but 'wrecked.' Bryan drew a breath and waited for the nervous twitching to begin. But it didn't. Banner had taken a corner table and positioned himself so he couldn't see the people at the bar. Bryan sat and started a conversation about nothing in particular. Talking, he looked across the table into the big, square face. Only the smallish eyes and the mouth that brought the phrase 'mean streak' to mind separated it from perfection. And those, he supposed, were the two particular features that created all the fascination. Apart from the unseen chest, ass, cock. And of course, the hands, the god-hands.

Suddenly, right then, Bryan felt the old farcical twinge. He dug his nails into himself to quell his nerves with pain. The waiter brought him a drink. Finally. But, instead of fortifying him, the martini seemed to slice away the drags of his crumbling resolution. He heard himself tell himself that this will never work, this is the wrong time and place for anything. His inner voice sounded like a trumpet calling up the army of rationalizations, the old tired army, once again to dig the trenches, the maze of truth-thwarting trenches. Suddenly, his eyes focused on the hands. They played with a cigarette package on the table-top, tapped it, flipped it upright, spun it. The hands were bored. And Bryan knew if anything was ever going to happen, it had to be then, at that instant. Just as at some other precise instant, the universe was born.

"I thought about you in Europe" he said loudly and Banner's expression flickered dimly "In Amsterdam. Your

face appeared to me one morning when I was feeling particularly, uh . . . sexy."

"I eyes across the table seemed to spark

"It was 5 a.m. and I was in the Dam Square after being up all night. By myself. It was kind of . . . unusual, really."

"How unusual," asked the eyes and the thin, mocking mouth.

Bryan felt like he'd just stepped into an underbrush full of open wolf traps. He started to shrug and laugh and change the subject.

"But you haven't told me how I came to you in a vision," Banner smiled demandingly "or how sexy you were feeling . . ."

And then Bryan heard himself telling the story of that morning, and it was as if he himself were hearing it for the first time too. His voice sounded distant, like a voice from a stage. It described everything. Bryan was shocked he'd never talked like this to anyone before. When he hesitated before a certain word, Banner's eyes would force the word out. Easily. The restaurant, the people, the world ceased to exist. There was only Banner's eyes and the story of the morning, the cold, the monument, the flowers, the hard cock, the police car, the come splatting on the stone, and the face, the same face as the one across the table, appearing out of thin air.

He finished the story. Held his breath. Didn't dare move a muscle. At the edges of his mind, restaurant shapes and noises began to rematerialize. But there was no reaction from Banner. Nothing. Nothing.

Then suddenly Banner's eyelids drooped, his shoulders shifted down and shuddered slightly, he expelled a gust of air. And his hand, his right hand, appeared from below the table, like a dove from a magician's top-hat. It was cupped, it held something precious. Bryan tilted forward to see.

"Ahh," sighed Banner, "another sufferer from the sex-at-risk syndrome." And he brought his hand to his mouth and swallowed its shimmering contents like an oyster from a shell. Then he wiped his shiny palm with a drink napkin.

Right then, seeing Bryan sitting at the table, you would have thought: now there's a cool, untroubled well-constructed vessel sailing serenely through life's waters, like, say, the *Titanic* on a certain April evening. But then you would have heard voices through the restaurant, voices to send shivering the air like ice on metal: "Banner. Come home with me. Now. Or I'll kill you."

And for once, with no wisecracks, Banner finished his drink and followed Bryan out of the restaurant.

IV

Like an Alpine avalanche sweeping all before it, Bryan shoved Banner into his apartment. Without a word, Banner headed straight for the living room. Bryan reached to drag him off to the bedroom but missed. And stopped. The half-empty apartment, at the same time, for the first time in weeks since Paul moved out, all his furniture.

Bryan watched Banner examine the dark-stained floor with its one too-small Persian rug floating on it like grease on soup. The corduroy sofas huddled together in the corner, clutching their huge wine-stain colored cushions. The vertical blinds. The lamp Greek was draped over or over it. The lamp. The oak table that looked like it had survived, just barely, the Chicago fire.

"Reminds me of somewhere" Banner said softly.

"The poorhouse?"

"No. On the contrary." And he moved towards the far wall.

Damn it, Bryan lectured himself, by now we should be wresting up a sweat in the bear room. He stared at the figure across the room. And an utterly unthinkable thought tiptoed into his head, maybe he's afraid of me too . . .

He actually shook himself to clear his mind. He watched Banner find the two small black frames on the narrow wall by the windows. Bryan had always worried that they looked like that terrible cliché of homosexual decor tasteful male nudes. But he left them there anyway, because he liked them, they turned him on.

They hung one above the other. Two black-and-white photos. The top one showed a college art class in session a clutter of young faces gazing up at a figure in the foreground, a naked man on a plain stool, back to the camera. He leaned, backward too, supported by locked arms and hands that

clutched the stool-seat. One long, smooth leg shot out in front of him, and his head seemed to be turned directly at a boy student in the second row of easels. But what Bryan loved about the picture was the pattern of shadows on the model's flawless back and shoulders. And the way the little stool shaped his ass into two perfect handfuls of flesh. Those kids don't know what they're missing, he would think, smirking.

The second photograph was, at first glance, simply the interior of a room. Closer up, it revealed a young man, naked, standing against the frame of open French doors, languidly gazing out at the daylight, his cock lying half hard on one slightly upraised thigh. The rest of the room was almost completely filled by a shiny grand piano, at which sat another man, dressed in suit and tie, playing. That boy is having a song written about him, Bryan would think, frowning.

Fascinated, Banner stared at the pictures. He even touched the glass on one of them. Then he turned and drilled into Bryan's eyes. Bryan blinked. The abrupt change of feeling in the air made things inside him change gear.

"What did we call it in school?" Banner said, "shirts vs. skins?" His mouth curled into its long, strange smile "Which do you want to be today?"

"Can't you tell?"

"Just thought I'd make sure." And he whipped off his tie.

With a strange sense of calm strength — where had he felt it before? — Bryan tightened his own tie-knot, straightened his shirt cuffs, sat down on a sofa, crossed his legs, arranged the crease of his pants like he was about to be photographed, clasped his hands over one knee, leaned back and watched through unblinking eyes.

Banner stood six feet away, back to the windows. Slices of sunlight, combined with the slow, flowing movement of body created some extraordinary atavistic ritual in front of Bryan's eyes.

Banner took off his shirt. Lit from behind, the curves of his shoulders glowed and his chest, though turned away from the light, seemed fluorescent. Fine dark hair, like newly-sprouted grass on a rolling lawn, formed an arrow-shape pointing down at his belt buckle. The buckle clinked open and the pants slid down, changing the legman with static. Shorts, socks faint blue rectangle of shorts — all disappeared. And there was only Banner. The man's eyes never left Bryan's as he made a quarter-turn towards the light. The profile of ass, suddenly revealed, looked like a scoop of vanilla ice cream minus one great, smooth lick. The cock, now spotlit, was uncut. Pinks and peaches and pale tans blended over transparent skin like a watercolor sunrise. Red threads and blue ropes laced just under the skin. The great cock head poked out, its surface glistening like the inside secret of some rare seashell. To stop himself from pouncing, Bryan gripped his knee till it hurt.

Banner moved closer. His leg brushed Bryan's pant cuff. His cock quivered, his leg lifted, he cradled Bryan's knees, he separated Bryan's hands and pushed them down on the sofa. Then, leg muscles flexing, he lowered himself on to Bryan's wool-covered thigh. Resting there, his cock lengthened and thickened and bared its whole head. He arched and rubbed himself gently back and forth. The crease in Bryan's pants ran along the vulnerable skin behind the root of his cock. He slid up over Bryan's raised knee and slowly descended his shin, carefully keeping the razor-crease running along the center ridge of his cock. His balls bounced over the brass links on Bryan's sofa. He paused for a second before rolling his bright, white bulk on to the dark, earth-colored floor.

Bryan almost exploded. He shot up. His cock tried to rip through the pants Banner had made love to.

The man on the floor leaned on his elbows. His hands played over his own heaving belly. Then, one marvellous hand cupped and lifted his balls. He raised one leg and shifted his hips. He displayed his anus to Bryan.

Mesmerized, swallowing hard, Bryan moved his shiny black shoe towards the tiny pink target. He parted the hair with his toe and touched leather to softest flesh.

Bryan groaned and shuddered. "Oh God, I know this would happen."

Bryan slid his foot up over Banner's front. He flicked each of two stiff nipples with the hard edge of his sole. Pressing down and pulling back around the twitching, bursting cock, he dug his heel into the soft white inner thigh of the man on the floor.

Banner panted like a bellows.

Bryan threw off his jacket, tie, shirt. The sudden air on his flaming skin made him flinch. Belt and fly sprung open. Pants and shorts flew down. He bent to pull off a shoe. He brushed Banner's cock.

And Banner came. And Bryan watched and watched. With two fingers, he spread the brilliant liquid over pale belly till it was as shiny and cool as a rink. And his tongue went skating, spinning.

And then two hands reached up for Bryan. He stepped forward. The hands caressed his cock. He felt fire, ice. His body writhed. His wings groped for air, his head far space. And he gushed. Up, up, foaming through fingers, cascading over knuckles and sinews and veins and wrists, as Banner's hands tried to catch it, save it all.

Finally, there was no more. Bryan stood rigid, every hair on his body straight up. His cock thrashed wildly, trying to draw up more come, enough to cover Banner completely. Instead, he buckled and dropped panting to the floor between Banner's legs. He held Banner's thighs for support. And he watched, smiling dazedly, as Banner, smiling dazedly, blended both their comes together on his chest, swishing them in pale, sharp strokes over belly, shoulders, nipples.

Bryan whispered, his voice spouting like his cock, "I came in your hands, Banner, your hands!"

"Next time" another voice whispered, "it's my turn to flatten you, Bryan-with-a-y..."

He kept his promise. And so began a series of what they called Meetings. Together, instinctively, they dropped any pretense of normality. They did things to each other they'd never even admitted thinking of doing to anyone else. They drove each other to the brink of infinity, like kids nudging, daring each other closer, ever closer, to a cliff edge. And for a few hours a week, they were that far away from losing control, from madness. They both knew it, but it was exactly what they both had wanted all their lives. They thrived on each other. The world seemed to start spinning more smoothly for them.

And maybe faster too.

V

One particular Meeting, Bryan found Banner in an unusual mood. The man resisted mutation, he sagged, he even suggested cutting the Meeting short. Bryan felt like he'd been winded. "No way!" he growled bravely, "no put-offs. We agreed." He grabbed Banner's hair and pulled his face around. "What's the matter? You hung over? Wasted? Catch something from some trick? What?"

"Death."

"What!"

"Guy at the agency heart-attacked this morning. Flat on the carpet, out like a light, awful noises, turned blue. Thirty-six. Shit! I watched them carry him out on a piece of canvas in a dead grey blanket. But you know what I saw in my head? Me. Dead on some bed. All alone. Nobody hollering. No flowers, no cards, no visitors, no windows in the room even. Nothing..."

"Banner, come off it..." Bryan didn't want to hear any more.

"That's the way it's going to be for me. I know it Bryan-with-a-y. And I hate to tell you, but that's the way it's going to be for you too..."

"Fuck you."

"Sorry, but it's true. See, there is a difference between us and the straights. A fatal difference. When we die -- you and me Bryan-with-a-y, when we go we're gone completely. Like that. Forgotten. The world even whispers 'good riddance' and tries to wipe away all traces of the way we were. And we can't stop them. We don't leave anything behind to tell the truth. No kids. No grandchildren. No one to carry the torches of our souls. Or our looks. Or our brains. Or our diseases." He snorted. "Even our names are dead and gone. All of us goes at once, forever..." Banner slumped bonelessly, staring with pale, distant eyes. "If I died tomorrow, the world would say so what..."

Dead silence.

Death? Banner? Bryan gulped some air. He didn't know what to say. Then finally his voice reverberated through the room like a muffled gong. "Banner. If you died tomorrow, the world would be sorry, very sorry. Because I'd make it sorry."

On came Banner's long, curly smile. "Punish the world? You would, wouldn't you, Bryan-with-a-y?"

"Damn right!" And Bryan smiled too. "But right now, I'm going to punish L. Banner & Encat for dragging death into this Meeting uninvited..."

Another day, another Meeting. Bryan, wide-eyed, white-faced, shaking. Banner pretending to be angry. "You said you didn't need booze or dope. You said I made you high enough..."

"Need a drink..."

"I noticed." Banner had to wrap Bryan's hand around the glass to keep it from spilling. "Christ. You're not kidding are you? You're shot. What the hell happened?"

Bryan downed the drink, whatever it was, in one swallow. "Was in a meeting, department heads, nothing special, usual shit, sitting there in the Mahogany Boardroom waiting to start. This guy started talking -- Waller, the Personnel Director, faceless type, looks like a hamburger bun..."

Banner laughed. "Hamburger bun. Must remember that one..."

Bryan went on, oblivious. "Never paid much attention to this guy before, wasn't even really listening this morning until I caught a word. 'Faggots.' Followed by a few choice adjectives. Then I paid attention. This guy was working himself up, all red-faced, veins popping out, over the fact that some gay couple moved into a house near him. Correction. Bought a house near him. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. The words in that Boardroom incredible..."

"Swearing in church? Despicable!" Banner still laughed but his eyes were cold.

"And nobody else seemed to be bothered. I looked around. Wall to wall executives, how many hundred thou a year total salaries? All sort of nodding, chuckling. God damn it Banner, they were agreeing with that maniac!"

"Surprise, surprise!"

"Blond smiling killer faces, I wanted to scream..."

"You want another drink?" asked Banner quietly.

"Let me finish. I looked down the table at Charlie McLean. The President. But he didn't do anything to change the subject. Just sat riffling papers. Even you, Charlie? I thought. And



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I wanted to stand up and shout. But of course I didn't. As usual, I held back . . .

Banner handed him a drink.

"But today, something was different. I was different, maybe. My stomach churned, I could see it moving under my shirt. God, for a few minutes I thought I'd be sick. Don't ask me what went on at the meeting. I didn't hear a word. All I know is, it seemed interminable. Finally, they began getting up to leave. I walked up to Charlie McLean. I still wasn't sure whether I wanted to talk to him or belt him, but I said "Charlie can I speak to you for a minute, please?" He made me just stand there while he finished his conversation with whoever. Finally, he turned back to me with this innocent expression. And suddenly, instead of boiling over, I felt as calm as an iced-over lake. I said "Charlie, I am a homosexual and I was offended by Waller's mouthing off this morning . . . but the thing that really hurts is everyone in the room agreeing with him. Banner, I couldn't believe it was me talking! I've never said anything like that in my life . . ."

"And what happened?"

"After a second, Charlie coughed. That's all. He coughed. And he turned away like he'd just heard a phone that he had to answer." He grabbed Banner. "Tell me Banner! Can they all be crazy! Of them!"

"Let me put it this way. Yes," Banner poured two more drinks. And he said very seriously, "you're a brave man Bryan-with-a-y . . . and now, I'm going to decorate a certain chest for bravery."

And another day, another Meeting. On Banner's floor, as cluttered with furniture as Bryan's was sparse, sprawled a sixth of a ton of steaming male flesh. Bryan lolled on the wet rail. As Banner's thumb was in his kitten nose, breathing dense crotch air, gazing at Banner's lazy cock . . . a baby in a pink blanket on a fur rug, Bryan grinned to himself.

Banner heaved up his other leg. Stretched it straight. His toes just touched the floor. He curled them around one of the knobs — Banner could manipulate his feet in ways that sometimes made Bryan vaguely nauseous. He found the on-off and clicked it. The screen crackled. Pale pastel shapes tried to form behind the glass, but the deeper, purer amber light of late afternoon killed them, sucked them dry. Bryan started to lapse back into his semi-dreams, but a voice from the TV yanked him bolt upright.

". . . and I can say with all honesty that I'm anything but a fanatic. I think I'm a typical, reasonable man and parent. And I certainly have no intention of suggesting . . . like some do of course — that all homosexuals be locked up or shot. That's absurd, isn't it? Why just recently a couple of them bought a house on my own street, and while some of my neighbors have been upset by this, I say as long as they keep quietly to themselves, what's the problem?"

"Fuck me dead! It's Waller!"

"Who?"

"Waller. The personnel croap at the office. The one I told you about last week!"

"Well, well. Let's see. Nice make-up job. Very lifelike hair."

"Shut up! I want to hear what's going on. Seems like an interview."

A female voice said "So Mr. Waller, your sole concern is to change the hiring practices of the School Board?"

"Exactly. I simply do not want a known homosexual teaching my child . . ."

"Hell no! Kid might *learn* something!"

"Shut up, Banner!"

". . . and I'm sure all thinking parents agree with me on that."

"The little bastard!" spat Bryan.

"Where does he buy his suits? The toy department?" said Banner.

Waller continued unctuously, "Homosexuality is not a civil right. It's a threat to my personal rights and my children's rights . . ."

"The slimy little fucker!"

"As Mrs. Waller remarked on her wedding night . . ."

". . . now I'm not going to quote the Bible on the subject other people have done that. Let me just point out that homosexuality can't be a natural thing. Even cats and dogs don't do it, heh heh . . ."

"And he knows all about *that*, heh heh" said Banner

"Turn that shit off!"

Bryan stood over the TV trembling. He glared down at Ban-

ner. "Doesn't that get to you? At all? You can still sit there and joke about it after how many years of hearing it, of hearing them call you garbage?"

"Just because I don't react the same way as you doesn't mean I don't care as much, Bryan. I just don't think we'll change anything sitting here yelling at a TV set."

Bryan exhaled. "You're right. I'm sorry. I just can't seem to take it any more. Clean, quiet law-abiding tax-paying citizen Finch sits up nights making Molotov cocktails . . ."

"My favorites

"And you're the one who's changed me."

"Ah, so it's all my fault?"

Bryan kneaded Banner's shoulders and neck. "Yeah. So watch it, citizen Fenecat."

Silence

"First thing I'm going to do is get that bastard fired. I outranked him in the company, and McLean owes me one . . ."

"Good idea, Bryan-with-a-y" Banner made his narrow smile, "make a martyr out of him. Then he'll get more TV exposure, more press . . ."

"But that's all I can do! That's where I have clout to fight him! What else can I do except kill the bastard?"

"Well at least you're thinking in the right direction. Troublemaking can be messy. And I believe it's illegal. And it's also been known to create a martyr or two. No, kill'n g out . . ."

"You're getting at something, aren't you?"

Banner shifted up to a chair, crossed his legs, arranged his balls, pecked his fingers under his chin. "First, let's assume that whatsisname Waller is right . . ."

"What?"

"Right. That we are threats to him, to his lifestyle, to his ability to raise his children. That's evidently what he believes in his own psychotic way, and we're never going to talk him out of it, are we?"

"I guess not."

"No. So, look at it this way: if the man says we're a threat, believe we're a threat, then? . . ."

Bryan frowned.

"Then we mustn't disappoint him. We must be a threat."

"But I already suggested . . ."

"Getting him fired, which would in fact be doing him a favor. Or killing him, which would mean potential trouble for us, and would be much too quick punishment for him, No, what we have to do is . . ."

"Ruin his life!" said Bryan. "Make him suffer for a good, long time . . ."

Banner grinned and rubbed Bryan's cock. "Arrange it so, for the rest of his little life — however long that may be — that his one and only concern is how to cope with the pain. Make it so the idea of sex in any form is the ultimate gut-wrenching horror. And, most important, we must arrange it so that other people, the straights that is, instead of giving him the sympathy they know intellectually he deserves. Instead of that, they instinctively recoil. That's how we must punish him." Banner's eyes flashed.

"I can't figure what would accomplish all that" said Bryan "but you obviously know some way . . ."

"Mmm, I have a small idea."

"For God's sake, tell me!" Bryan made a fist around Banner's balls. "Tell me how we're going to punish Waller!"

VI

It had to be planned properly, of course. First, before they could decide when, they had to figure where. Bryan suggested the offices of Commonwealth Insurance. Banner laughed it off. Then he, Banner considered Waller's home. Bryan vetoed that. Said it would cause too much of a hassle for Waller's new gay neighbors.

"They'll get hassled anyway," said Banner

"I know, but let's not give the hasslers any extra help."

A street snatch. European and Latin urban guerillas use the technique with apparent success. Must be, they decided, because it adds to the victim's disorientation — he's nowhere familiar and safe-looking when it happens, so he knows he's in for trouble, so his imagination goes crazy with fear. Yes, a street snatch it would be.

"Particularly since the bastard's probably staying late at the office these days. Those types always use company paper

and xeroxes and postage meters for their personal crusades," said Bryan.

"Right. Can you find out about that? If there's any particular day he's been working late?"

"Well . . . there's a night security guard . . . cute kid . . . Looks like he's into muscle-building . . ."

"Why Bryan-with-a-y? Where the hell do you find time for all of 'em hunks?"

"Eat your heart out. Actually, we've only said hello and goodbye. Unfortunately, but I'm sure I can persuade him to show me his . . . sign-out book." Which he did. And the book said Mondays and Wednesdays, five weeks in a row already, between 8 and 9 p.m., a regular and conscientious J.M. Waller signed out of Commonwealth Insurance.

The next thing was necessary equipment. The green garbage bags, the diapers, rubber gloves, lubricant, nylon stocking masks were easy.

"The rope and gag are no problem either" said Banner.

"Aha!" said Bryan, "You laughed when you saw my shelf of John D. MacDonald books. But good crime writers can teach you a lot. Like, pretty colored plastic electrician's tape is better than any rope. The captive can never work it loose, and it leaves no burns or welts. And, an ordinary face-cloth is the ideal-sized gag. And, a whispering voice cannot be identified after . . ."

"Anything else, Sherlock?"

"Only a few other little physical tricks. But I've showed all those to you in the past few months. Didn't you notice?" Bryan sneered.

Next, the glass. They found exactly the thing in a lab equipment store down on Craig Street.

The big problem was the car. They needed something roomy — a small truck or one of those panelled vans kids decorate into rolling playpens — and they'd have to borrow or rent it. Both alternatives sounded dangerously bare-faced.

"We could steal one . . ."

"I think we're a little overage to survive the indignity of being picked up for joy-riding . . ."

"Rent it under a phony name?"

"We'd need phony ID, licenses, stuff like that . . ."

"Hey!" Another John D. MacDonald trick popped into Bryan's mind. "My crime professor has a theory that the best alias is the name of your victim . . ."

"Very clever. I don't follow . . ."

"Simple, my dear Coghill. I rifle his office and get some business cards, envelopes addressed to him, bills, check blanks, if we're really lucky maybe even a credit card or company ID. Then, I go down to the Motor Vehicles Bureau, say I'm Waller and I've lost my driver's license. They ask their computer if I'm legal. It says yes. They ask me for some ID and 2 bucks. Bingo — they issue me a duplicate license. And we rent the van as J.M. Waller himself!"

"Bryan-with-a-y! And to think I've been telling everyone you're just another pretty face." Swat. Wrestle.

VII

"Where the hell is the bastard? It's after 8:45."

"Maybe he's changed his pattern. Or maybe the kid with the body told you wrong."

"He didn't tell me anything. I looked in the book for God's sake!"

"OK OK, relax" Banner slid one hand over Bryan's crotch, "lay off!"

The hand retreated. Silence. "Chickening out, Bryan-with-a-y?"

"Fuck you! I'm just trying to concentrate, that's all. This is no time for messing around! We could get charged with kidnapping!"

"For starters."

"Banner," Bryan snapped, "I love you but sometimes I want to break your teeth."

Silence

"We don't tell each other that. I wonder why."

"What?"

"I wonder why that was the first time the word 'love' has been mentioned since we . . . got together?"

"And that just made twice" said Bryan.

"And baby makes three. I love you." Banner looked straight ahead into the night, his face half lit by the lobby-

glare of the Commonwealth Insurance Building. "We don't have to go through with this, you know."

"Yes we do," Bryan said too loudly.

But not that night. Because Monday night, J.M. Waller did not show.

Wednesday meant another wait. But this time . . .

They watched J.M. Waller sign out and exchange some little joke with the night guard.

"The fucking hypocrite" spat Bryan through his nylon mask.

The guard unlocked the big glass door. Waller was carrying a briefcase and a big brown envelope, very full. As soon as he reached the curb, he hailed a cab. One squealed to a stop instantly.

"Shit! He's taking a cab home!"

"Maybe not home" said Banner, "Let's see . . ." He pulled off his mask. Bryan stared at him. "You're the one who reads the pulp novels aren't you?" Banner continued. "Do I have to actually say *Follow That Cat*?"

They followed. They knew Waller lived out in the country, so when the taxi did not take the way to the Parkway, they knew he wasn't headed straight home.

"This is even better" grinned Banner. "We'll grab him in a totally unknown spot. Complete disorientation! Wonderful!"

The cab sped up and the driver was a lane-dancer. Still not far off with nothing but the van, Bryan begged the man. He ran a light at Greene Avenue to avoid losing sight of the cab a to get him. He hit 45 in a 20 zone. But he caught up, just in time to spot the taxi make a sudden left. No signal. Bryan braked hard and the guy behind squealed and swerved and slid by an inch away yelling "fuckin' cock-suckin' asshole!" Banner blew him a kiss.

When Bryan finally made the left through the traffic, the cab had pulled away and Waller was walking back towards the corner and the entrance to a low, red-brick apartment house, the kind that calls "quiet older building."

He never made it.

Banner leapt out, clapped Waller's mouth shut, twisted his arm up behind his back, threw the man into the dark van. Bryan jammed the gag into his mouth and rolled the orange

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tape four times around his head

They stripped off Waller's pants with hardly a struggle Then, they both worked rolls of tape They bound Waller's wrists to his ankles, figure-eighting the heavy orange adhesive with the speed of master weavers. They slammed Waller's head to the floor. His knees bounced up and apart, automatically pulled by his wrists. Perfect, they nodded to each other. In a silence broken only by muffled grunts from Waller's sweaty face, they worked together like they'd been doing it all their lives. One of them thwacked open a green garbage bag. The other cut off Waller's underwear and dropped it in the bag. They stopped, looked at each other. Banner whispered "as predicted. Oh well, they say good things come in small packages."

Bryan spread three layers of diaper from the pale blue box with the cute baby on it under Waller's buttocks

Banner snapped on a rubber glove, lubricated the fingers and shoved two of them up Waller's anus. He rotated his hand, trying to locate the prostate gland. Success. The man's penis began to bloat. "Amazing. Who says a man can't be raped!"

Bryan removed something from a small cardboard box and held it delicately up in the almost-darkness. Blush street-light, leaking through the front window of the van, made the object look like a tiny icicle.

Just then, they both stopped. Waller had started shitting with fear. When the crud stopped flowing, the diapers were carefully gathered and stowed in the garbage bag. And a last minute addition to the equipment air freshener was kicked on the cap by Banner.

Bryan looked down at Waller. The man sweated uncontrollably. His eyes whirled and screamed tears of panic.

From behind the nylon mask, Bryan began to whisper at his captive's face. "Mr. Waller, what I'm holding is a hollow glass rod, 5 inches long, and very thin, see? In a minute, I'm going to insert it into your penis. That's why my friend is giving you that nice little erection. Which he can do, by the way, because your prostate is on our side. Now, when I insert the glass, you won't feel a thing. Until, You start going soft. At which time, I and my friend, with the sides of our hands, see? smash the glass into thousands of tiny slivers. And the

slivers lodge into your flesh forever."

Now the man was trying to shit himself inside out, but only a trickle oozed out on to the clean diapers. Banner whispered too.

"Yes, Mr. Waller, forever. From tonight on, every movement, even just standing up, will be torture. And urinating will be so excruciating that you will want to die rather than piss. And no surgeon will be able to help you. No. The only two solutions to your dilemma will be suicide and . . . total amputation. So, Mr. Waller, from tonight on, you won't be a man any more. I hope you've been a good man up to now, have you, hummin? Have you done unto others as you would have them do unto you? Oh Mr. Waller, no you haven't. Tsk tsk. And that's why you're here isn't it? Nod if you know why you're here."

Pause. Then, hesitantly, he nodded.

"Good," Bryan's whisper took over again. "Now nod again if you think there's any way you can convince me not to insert the glass rod."

Pause. Twitch. A tiny nod.

"You do?"

Nod. Nod.

"Hmmm. Could it be you're going to make us a promise Mr. Waller? That you will stop your hate campaign against us, against homosexuals?"

Nod nod nod.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Waller, but that's just not good enough."

The man ruined another layer of diaper.

"Now I'm going to insert the glass rod. I'd do it even if you promised to reverse your hateful crusade. Even if you promised to demand more time on TV to announce you sincere and god-inspired change of heart, and your love and respect for all homosexuals. Even if you promised al that, I'd still insert the glass rod. Wouldn't you, if you were me?"

Shake shake shake shake

"No? You mean you'd believe the promises?"

Nod nod nod nod.

"I suppose that's because you'd know your . . . captor realized he was vulnerable every minute of every day, and he would be grabbed again the minute he broke any of his promises?"

Nod Nod

"Grabbed instantly if he back-slid for one second, if he just pretended to change his ways, if he showed only a new facade over the same old rotten wood, if he crossed his little fingers when he preached his new gospel of love and tolerance? Is that why you'd believe your captive, if you were me, Mr. Waller?"

Nod

"Well, I don't believe you, Mr. Waller" Banner worked the prostate again. Bryan rubbed some lubricant on the rod, pinched open the duct at the top of Waller's penis, touched the glass to the skin.

The man was in spasms. Blue in the face. Liquid oozing from every possible opening. And his eyes had that gassy, unblinking stare of the about to die. He had snapped forever.

"OK Mr. Waller." They looked at each other through nylon. They rearranged Waller's pants and blindfolded him. The man was limp, slimy . . . they touched him only with disgust.

They ripped off their masks. They stuffed everything into the garbage bag, including Waller's clothes and cross. They cut loose his hands and feet, perched him on the edge of the van, started the motor, and pushed him on to the sidewalk. He hit it like a bag of milk and lay there. The van sped away.

Silence.

"When did you decide?" said Banner

"Right then. A proverb flashed to mind. Maybe it's John D. MacDonald again, or maybe Machiavelli, although I think it's my own . . ."

"I'll bite."

The enemy's imagination is your greatest ally. Not bad, hmm?"

"Hope you're right . . ."

"We'll see."

Silence again.

"Anyway, Mr. Vice President, I move we continue this Meeting somewhere more . . . intimate . . ."

"Mr. Vice-President, I second the motion. Where to?"

And the Corporation held a rare all-night Meeting. ■

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HER MAJESTY'S NAZI

A former English army sergeant says he's come up with the ideal British vacation — three days in a mock Nazi prison camp.

"There are plenty of crazy people around like me who love being made to suffer," said Bob Acraman, whose \$72 package includes barbed-wire fences, gun-carrying guards, and a bread and water diet.

The *New York Post*, which brought this tidbit to American shores, did not give the location of the camp.

TWINKS, RAISE YOUR VOICES!

I can remember back far enough to the days when the hardest S&M songs playing the airwaves were Martha Valdez's *Drive Me Daddy* and *Tied To A Whipping Post*. All that's changed now, S&M as inspiration has begun to take a firm hold on the usual commercial record album. Recent "big-boppers" like *Fist Goodbody's Travelling Torture Show* and the classic (if very dull) *Whipmaster* have found permanent homes next to Judy Garland and Diana Ross.

New entry in the "music to get hard by" is More Best Production's *Sleaze Attack*, a dozen songs in the new wave/hard rock style dedicated to whipping, slings, piss, piercing, leather, fist fucking and other garden variety late night activities.

The songs were all written by Dick Shine and Robert T. Rings, who, if they get their way, will someday be household names. A mixed chorus (men and boys) that sneaks into a few of the cuts, wishes to remain anonymous which will play hell with the historians of music a hundred years hence when it's decided that this album is really secular music from a religious period dominant in the latter half of the 21st century.

It's the kind of album you give



your bottom if he's been a damn good boy but get ready to hear it from his lips as well as the stereo, cause the lyrics and music are jingle orientated, and all the right words are in all the right places.

My favorite is *This Guy's the Limit*, which sounds very much like "the sky's the limit," as it should be. It's a rock ballad and shows the lead singer's voice off to its best advantage.

The cover art is notable in itself, since the producers had it rejected by the first score of printers they solicited. You put the right words with the right pictures and they'll freak every time.



FAG FUNNIES
(*Gay Comics is Redundant*)
Two views of how we see ourselves surfaced at the same time with the first issues of *Gay Comix* (published by Krupp Comic

Works) and *Schwul Comix* (published by Verlag Rosa Winke, Germany). The latter is in German. Both are faggots making fun of faggots which only faggots will understand.



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ASTROLOGIC



SAGITTARIUS S (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21) Host a "Masochist Luau" Invite several other Tops to bring their Bottoms.

SAGITTARIUS M Get your soda-straw from your Top Host and kneel with the other Bottoms around the cuspid (You're so sick.)

CAPRICORN S (Dec. 22 - Jan. 20) Watch your diet. Get some quiet. Get ready to try it. Or the next full moon, something you said you'd never do, you will in fact eat.

CAPRICORN M Stroll into an anti-smoking convention. Light up a big stogie and take it like a man. After that foreplay, for a good time, call Fred Halsted.

AQUARIUS S (Jan. 21 - Feb. 18) Call Born Again and Star Crossed Eldridge Cleaver (collect) in L.A. where he is marketing "Cleavers," the pants with the codpiece. Tell clever Cleaver that leather men have been wearing this style for years. Trust your lucky stars, but still don't identify yourself.

AQUARIUS M Wrap your head in Ace bandages and read either If You Meet the Buddha on the Road, Kill Him, or Malcolm Boyd's latest gay religion book. Are You Running with Me, Jesus, or Just Breathing Hard?

PISCES S (Feb. 19 - Mar. 20) Shaving slaves is fine, but if you're in no hurry, try using tweezers, removing it one hair at a time.

PISCES M The above trip takes longer but like the origin of the species, great things take a while to develop.

ARIES S (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19) In spring a young man's love turns fancy. Try topping a chick wearing Adidas and a Lacoste. Yeah, just try it. (But don't mess his hair.)

ARIES M This spring Uranus should be in conjunction with whatever fits. (And you will have fits.)

TAURUS S (Apr. 20 - May 20) Put rocks in your M's red ruby boots.

TAURUS M Ask your Top to take you dancing.

GEMINI S (May 21 - June 20) Both your heads, Gem, are so fucking vain that you sleep on mylar sheets. Get control of your selves.

GEMINI M As an exercise in discipline, try to come while pretending you're bound and gagged and lying in Orange County. (The gagging should be easy.)

CANCER S (June 21 - July 21) Do your damndest to discover how to get into the most secret of macho leather clubs. Clue: It's based in SFO. DRUMMER knows all, but can tell nothing.

CANCER M On Good Friday, hang around from noon till three. Then sing "The Al Iaia Chorus." With fee ing.

LEO S (July 22 - Aug. 21) Your rising sign indicates you should arrange a prison tour of a local juvenile facility. Dress up like a good citizen. Let your sign rise further.

LEO M At heart, you're a chicken-hawk masochist who hates to travel. This month, double your d pleasure. Take a Greyhound to Oklahoma and taunt the new Teen ag Chapter of the KKK (especially founded to take care of maniacs like you).

VIRGO S (Aug. 22 - Sept. 22) Cater to your domesticity. For a classic asshole puckering experience, feed your slave alum brownies.

VIRGO M Grease the brownie pan. Grease your brownie hole. Put a knife under the bed to cut the gain. Object: fistcuffs.

LIBRA S (Sept. 23 - Oct. 22) Keep your balance. Shatter your M's cliches about what a one-sided Top you are. String yourself up. Work yourself over. Make him watch. Tell him to eat his heart out.

LIBRA M Tell your Top to fuck off. Get the extra set of tit clamps, put them on your own nipples, and watch Charlie's Angels. That's P. A. I. N.

SCORPIO S (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21) Be meeker. Take your scumbag M to a Punk Rock concert. Safety-pin him into position in the front row facing the audience.

SCORPIO M Quickly learn the difference between s/m games and "getting punked." Forget your rubber duck and learn how, when they're thrown, to duck rubbers.

—by Anstrude

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JEAN/FRANCE

Bondage, water sports, shaving and group scenes appeal to Paris leatherman. Correspondence and possible visits? Anything is possible!



ISM 13

FLEMMING/DENMARK

"I would like to thank all those hot fuckers who answered my Drumbeats ad and saw my Tough Customer photo in issue No. 33.

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ED/SLOW SUMMER

Photos worth a couple possibilities, despite the fact that Ed claims things have been slow in Boston this summer. Tell him how you'd speed 'em up. Ed, 33, Pond Ave., Brookline, MA 02146



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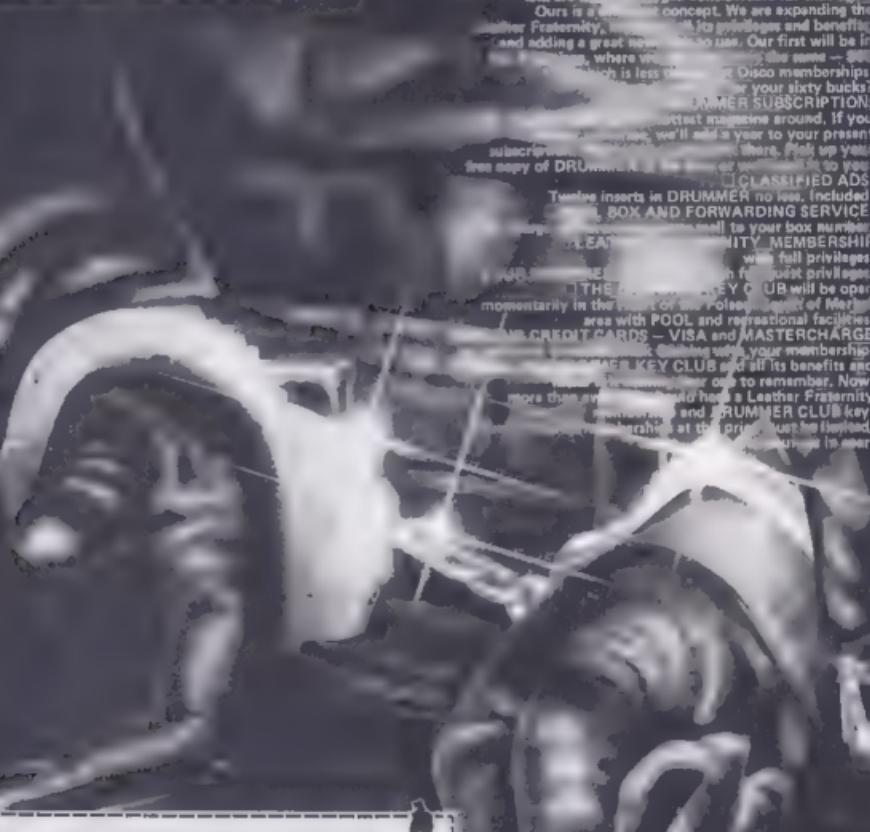


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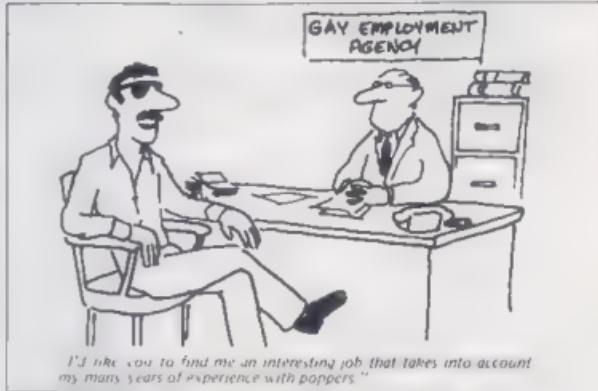
DRUMMER'S BOOKS

THE INCURABLES

Two titles that have promised, from their advance publicity, to be noteworthy are going to strike a strange chord in the gay marketplace. Mark Nicholls' *The Importance of Being Oscar* (St. Martin's, \$10.95) is a witty and engrossing examination of the incurable dandy, Oscar Wilde. Brief on boring biographical data from the cradle, Nicholls has gone straight for the gut of what made Wilde a household word. His often scandalous ability to say the right thing at the right time. But *straight* is the clue word here. Nicholls may be, and who cares; but his dismissal of Wilde's homosexuality as a sideline and his lack of understanding about the creative process make him a much better anthologist than a biographer. In this day and age it's amazing to think that any intelligent person would have the lack of understanding displayed by Nicholls in dealing with Wilde's sex life. Chalk it up to selective vision? If Wilde was the genius he was because of his homosexuality, not in spite of it.

There is nothing wrong with Gilbert H. Herdt's *Guardians of the Flutes* that a co-author who didn't care. This important and myth-shattering study of ritual homosexuality among the Sambia in the South Pacific has already circulated among the academic community, where it has been received with the highest praise. McGraw-Hill, who is bringing out this book (October, \$17.95) is going to be in the position of hosting a major work of importance to gays that will take, at least, academic dedication to get through. But remember, Herdt didn't really write for the general public. This study, subtitled *Idioms of Masculinity*, represents the first observation of this tribe. Herdt's style is free of the usual research jargon, and the reading can go very smoothly. The difficulty will come from a basic lack of understanding of the social anthropology framework Herdt worked and wrote under, and many readers will tire of the severe concentration involved. But if you want to go right to the root, this book is an absolute must. And culture-shattering material contained in the pages will not filter down to mass-market popularity for decades. In fact, Herdt may well mark the next revolution in contemporary social anthropology.

It had to happen. Rod McKuen has turned from greeting card illusionary verse to the collection of material contained in his latest book, *The Power Bright and Shining Images of My Country*, nationalist clap trap. That McKuen received the 1978 Carl Sandburg Award was hard enough for anyone serious interested in poetry to accept; that a major house would bring out this apple strudel of rehashed metaphors is a sad commentary on the plight of honest poets everywhere. But the publishers (Simon and Schuster, \$9.95) are no



I'd like you to find me an interesting job that takes into account my many years of experience with poppers."

From *Le Gay Ghetto* by Charles Ortley and Richard Fisla, St. Martin's Press, \$8.95 trade paperback.

looks. McKuen sells. And he sells big. And his concerts sell out. And he's a guaranteed money maker. But so is soap

and gasoline and floor polish and party hose. And McKuen fit somewhere in there amazingly well.

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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Larry

I've recently met this terrific "S," but we've got one problem. He has this big German Shepherd, and he wants to let the dog fuck me. I guess he's done it with a number of guys before. I absolutely don't dig the idea, but I don't want to lose the rest of the relationship. What should I do?

No dog lover

Dear No Dogs

I'm with you, and I've got to add that this is one of the few sexual areas where I find it hard to be objective. I've heard it argued that it isn't hurting either the man or the dog, that both enjoy it, etc. However, I feel that the practice is akin to taking advantage of a child or other incompetent. Nor am I an animal-hater. At this moment, I have two Dobermanns (or is that Dobermanns?). Whatever the idea of using either of them for sexual purposes is simply repulsive to me. I think you have a perfect right to feel as you do in this situation; after all, we leather guys are entitled to our moral reservations the same as anyone else. Discuss it with your "S," and in doing so you might remind him that these "moral judgments" exist for him, as well. He doesn't molest children, does he? He doesn't deliberately injure his M's, or burn his neighbor's house down because the guy offends him. He probably pays his bills and holds the door open for a woman. These are all the results of his own moral and ethical standards. Remind him that you also have a right to yours . . . to your limits as an M, if nothing else.

Dear Larry,

One of the big leather fantasies is to make it with a trucker, but almost all the truck drivers I've seen are so fucking ugly I can't imagine anyone getting turned on by them. Why all the big deal over them?

Disappointed in Truckstops

I think that the cruising of truck stops has become such a common game that most of the people who make out in

them end up doing it with other non-truckers who came there for the same reason. Of course, there is always the hope (however farforn) that one will encounter that one, perfect example of handsome, sexy, willing trucker. That's one side of the coin, probably the most commonly experienced. The other side involves the guy who is enough of a true masochist to enjoy the degradation of sucking the cock of a really unattractive (and/or dirty-sweaty) man. The more hot the guy appears to be, and the more he derides his "queer cocksucker" the more fulfilling the M experience. However, I can recall a wonderful experience of my own in Tucumcari, New Mexico. But that, as they say, is another story

Dear Mr. Townsend, Sir

I am a complete and total M, I have never been anything else, and I never want to be. The big problem for me is to let the topman know that I'm available and interested in them. Many times I see a guy in a bar, and I'm sure he would be just right for me, but I'm afraid to say anything to him, because it might be too pushy a thing for a slave to do. I mean, I could do it without being real pushy, like buying him a drink, or just offering to buy him a drink. If I am real respectful about it, do you think it is okay for me to do this?

Completely humble slave

Dear Slave,
Yes

Dear Larry

I have a good friend who is very heavy into all kinds of action — also drugs, unfortunately, but he talks all the time about wanting to be castrated. He has big fantasies about being tied down so he can't move, and after all the punishment and stuff, to have his balls cut off. He's been making such a thing of it recently that I'm afraid he is really going to find some guy to do it to him. I don't think there is anything I can do, but if there is I'll certainly do it. If I could just understand the reason for my friend's strange desire I might at least be able to talk to him

A worried friend

Dear Friend

To explain, academically, your friend's problem is not very difficult. In Freudian terms, he is expressing a manifest desire, as opposed to the latent desires we are used to observing in most people. That is to say, the things many of us do in our sex practices are symbolic (latent) expressions of what we really (manifest) want to do. These latent expressions are a tension-relieving (and more or less "healthy") safety valve to keep us from committing the destructive acts that we subconsciously wish to do. Your friend has simply run out of acceptable substitutes — or thinks he has. I agree that there is probably not very much you can do, short of persuading him to seek some professional help. You might take some comfort in the fact that this castration complex bears a close kinship to a suicidal type of personality, in that the talkers are often achieving the release (or gaining the attention) they need without actually doing it. Keep talking



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THE ENDUP

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to him, and if you can push him into some kind of counseling situation that's about the best you can do

Dear Larry -

In an earlier column you had some things to say about traveling in Europe. My friend and I are going to Southern Germany and Switzerland in January and February. We already know about the ski places in the Alps, but we understand there is a big festival or something in Munich. Any pointers?

Jay from NYC

Dear Jay -

As the winter winds blow down off the Alps, the Bavarians enter into a crazy and wonderful season called *Fasching*, which coincides with the *Mardi Gras*, timewise. Don't miss it! In Munich, try to get hotel reservations at the *Deutsche Eiche*, Reichenbachstr. 13. The bars are: The Ochsenkugel, The Eagle, and The Black Jail. Anyone at the D.E. can direct you. Have a ball - have two!

Dear Larry

I am a man in my mid-forties. I am uncircumcised, and have been advised by a doctor friend (not my regular G.P.) to have it done, because he says I run a higher risk of cancer and prostate trouble than a man who is circumcised. From reading your stories and articles I know that you are very much against "circumcision as a matter of course," and I wonder if you have any information you would care to share with me?

Uncircumcised in Omaha

Dear Uncircumcised

As I am sure you must realize, I am not a medical doctor and therefore cannot advise you on this sort of question. I do recall a conversation I had some time ago with an M.D. friend (an older gentleman with many years of practice). He seemed to feel that the statistical incidence of cancer within the genital area was slightly higher for uncircumcised men, but seemed to have some doubts that the difference was enough to be significant (again from a statistical standpoint). He did add, however, that he had never heard of a case of cancer of the penis occurring in a circumcised man (which is not to say it has never happened). I really can't tell you much more than this. As you know, my admiration of the foreskin is more from an aesthetic and sexually functional standpoint than anything else. I don't know why your doctor friend made the suggestion to you, maybe he knows something you and I do not. Why don't you consult a specialist, and see if there is any reason for concern. I'd hate to see another good skin fall into the dust for no good reason.

Dear Larry

Is there any relationship between the sport of boxing and the S&M lifestyle? If not, in your opinion, can there be one? I think there could be, in that both involve physical pain and humiliation, the use of leather, a great deal of hostility, energy and aggressiveness. I am really turned on to boxing, and also have a "feish" for boxing gloves. I had expected many members of the leather fraternity to be involved in boxing, but my ads in DRUM-

MER and other magazines netted only four replies, and of these only one was serious.

In the dark in Nevada

Dear Nevada -

You pose an interesting question and hypothesis - one that I must admit I have not thought about before. From a strictly logical standpoint, there certainly should be a relationship, at least as far as the leather, sweat, physical exertion are concerned. As to the hostility and aggressiveness, I wonder. Haven't you found in your own S&M contacts that the aggressiveness, and certainly the hostility, is often more feigned than real? (I think both are definitely genuine in the ring.) I also wonder if the missing element of bondage might not mark another important point of divergence. In my own experience(s) I have only run across one guy who was interested in being punched, and most others are much less turned on by being "punished" by the bare (or gloved) hand than they are by belts, whips, or other artificial scourges. (The over-the-knees spanking devotee being the only marked exception to this, but I think that is far removed from a boxing situation.) Maybe your own failure to get substantial responses to your ads should answer the question. At any rate, I would be happy to hear from other people on this subject, and will pass on their feelings and comments. Let's hear it for the boxers

Dear Larry

I don't know if you'll want to answer this, because it gets into race and maybe that's a sensitive subject. But I just wonder, being black (really more of a cafe au lait brown) myself, whether you think there is a "color line" within the S&M community. I'm in my late twenties, considered pretty good looking, but I don't always make out too well in the leather-bars, and I wonder if it's because of my

Jack in San Diego

Dear Jack

Because leatherguys, like any other group of gay men, come from every conceivable background - social level, geographic area, and ethnic origin, I am sure that the variety of prejudices and feelings of "social distance" are going to exist within our community much as they do anywhere else. You are going to find people who reject you for your race, many (probably most) who don't care, and some who are attracted to you because of it. As to you striking out sometimes in the bars - well, this happens to all of us. I don't care how good looking a guy may be, there are going to be nights when he goes home alone. Many times this is due to his own rejection of the guys who turn on to him, but that's life. By and large, I have seen more efforts to accept black guys (and other racial minorities, as well) by the organized groups in the leather community than otherwise, by far. Frankly, I think you are probably much better off than an unattractive white guy. I also wonder if you are restricting your activities to San Diego. The last time I was there, I couldn't find anything that I'd call a leather-bar

CONRAP

CHRISTMAS PACKAGES FOR PRISONERS

The United States Mission, a Service Outreach located in San Francisco, is sending Christmas packages to prisoners. They have mailed over 700 packages in the past eight years and their prison outreach (primarily to gay prisoners) continues to expand. The Christmas packages include: cigarettes, games, candy, nuts, cookies, stationery, and toiletries. If you are interested in donating any of the Christmas package items send your donation to The United States Mission, P.O. Box 6437, San Francisco, CA 94101 (Note: prison regulations require that all tobacco and food items be factory produced, packaged and sealed)

PRISON RESOURCES

NATIONAL GAY TASK FORCE 80 Fifth Avenue New York, NY 10011

The NGTF has been doing work concerning rape, health care, harassment, verbal abuse, suppression of gay-related literature, educational program, rehabilitation and other living conditions of gay prisoners. They are also trying to increase public awareness of the penal system

FORTUNE SOCIETY 229 Park Avenue South New York, NY 10003

This is one of the first organizations to work with prisoners. They offer housing, employment, and personal counseling to thousands of prisoners every year. They also publish a newsletter entitled *Fortune News*.

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION 132 West 43rd Street New York, NY 10036

They offer a variety of services to men and women in prison and also send their booklet *Rights of Prisoners* free to prisoners.

FRIENDS OUTSIDE 140 Church Street San Francisco, CA 94114

This is a community non-profit organization working with families of prisoners in the city and county jails, state and federal prisons and newly released ex offenders. They provide employment counseling and placement and arrange for housing, free clothing and food in emergencies.

PRISON PAROLE AND PROBATION PROGRAM L.A. Gay Community Services Center Box 38771 Los Angeles, CA 90038

A variety of programs are offered by this organization in Los Angeles.

PUBLICATIONS GAYCON PRESS NEWSLETTER, 1200

Haight Street, No. 9, San Francisco, CA 94117. GAYCON PRESS is a newsletter of interest to all gay prisoners and those interested in the plight of gays in prison. Free to prisoners and \$6 per year for non-prisoners.

GAY INSURGENT, Box 2337, Philadelphia, PA 19103. This publication comes out three times a year and is intended for a highly literate audience of gay activists. Free copies for prisoners

RAPE IN PRISON

An organization has been founded to fight the problem of rape in prison. The organization is called PEOPLE ORGANIZED TO STOP RAPE OF IMPRISONED PERSONS (POS RIP). They are fighting rape, sexual assaults, unconscious sexual slavery and forced prostitution in the prison context. POS RIP was founded by Russell Smith, one of the original Marion Brothers. If you are interested in receiving their newsletter send \$2.75 to: POS RIP, P.O. Box 3001, St. Louis, MO 63130.

I am a white male, 24, 5'10", 155 lbs., and will answer all letters. Wesley Johnson, No. 055448, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091

I am 32 years old and gay. Currently serving time on death row here in Texas. I would like to hear from anyone that has the time to write. Dalton L. Williams, 246572, Ellis Unit J-21 Wing, Huntsville, TX 77340

I am a 27-year-old gay (fem) that would like to receive mail from masculine free gays. I love sex and would consider a sex change when released from prison. Jewel Larsen, 149356, 777 W. Rivers de Drive, Ionia, MI 48846

I am a 35-year-old gay serving a life sentence in Nevada. I love tennis, writing, art and sex. Would like to hear from my gay brothers on the outside. Jim McMichael, POB 607 NNCC, Carson City, NV 89701

I am a 30-year-old bi prisoner serving time here in Salem. I am into body building, baseball and fast cars. I weigh 180 lbs. and am considered good-looking. Drop me a line. Vic Byrd, 40258, 2605 State Street, Salem, OR 97310.

I am a 23-year-old black male (feminine). I enjoy chess and would love to correspond with anyone in the free world. Charles Whittington, 83803 LSP Camp J Cuda 1 K Angola, LA 70712.

A regular DRUMMER reader would like to hear from guys out there. George T. Perkins, B-49536, Rm. 1256, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

(continued on page 85)

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DRUMMER views the Flicks



Bruno Ganz (right) as the victimized Hoffmann in *Knife in the Head* limps alongside his lawyer (Werner Herzog).

KNIFE IN THE HEAD

The "New German Cinema," often credited with spear-heading the current esthetic revival in world cinema, has produced some genuinely brilliant and yet dark, disturbing films. The films of Rainer Werner Fassbinder and Werner Herzog, for example, often examine the bitter, some times violent struggle of the individual wrestling with the society around him, a society trying to rebuild itself. This is Existentialism at its most basic, most human level, and the stuff of some very powerful filmmaking.

One such film is the 1978 Reinhard Hauff film *Knife in the Head* (*Messer im Kopf*). In it, Bertolt Hoffman, respected biogeneticist and skilled violinist, is a man beset by a kind of frenzied angst of suicidal proportion (the opening line in the film is, "An American in my situation would just start shooting out the window"). At emotional rock-bottom, he runs to a youth center where his estranged wife Ann works as sort of den mother to a group of leftist radicals. His misfortune: in a police raid on the center, Hoffman is shot in the head. The wound leaves him a near vegetable - his memory, his speech, and most of his psycho-motor skills are destroyed. The young leftists begin to use Hoffman, portraying him as a martyred victim of police brutality. The police, in turn, portray the apolitical Hoffman as a dangerous terrorist, shot while attacking a police officer with a knife. Hoffman himself doesn't know; he has no memory

of the circumstances of his shooting. He begins the painstaking process of reconstructing himself, attempting to recreate the life that has been destroyed and abused.

In the final segment of Hoffman's process of reconstructing himself, he confronts Schurig, the young policeman who shot him, and the two reenact the crime, reversing roles. Schurig takes a knife, Hoffman a gun. For Hoffman the scene becomes the last step in his process of rediscovery of who he is.

In the role of Hoffman, Bruno Ganz gives one of the most stunning performances ever captured on film. His performance becomes the study of rage, childish mischievousness, hopelessness, and essential confusion in a man who has lost (or rather, has had destroyed) his very identity and rejects those being imposed on him by outsiders, wanting and needing desperately to know himself for himself. His performance is constantly believable, never showy.

In the end, this film is a wonderfully moving study of the individual directly and obviously threatened by the events and circumstances threatening him; a study of that individual's discovery of the uses of his own energies and powers to combat and thwart those events. It is Alec in *Clockwork Orange* overcoming the society that has created/destroyed him; it is Hamlet overcoming his own powerlessness. And in 1980, *Knife In The Head* speaks to us all.

- Hank Trout

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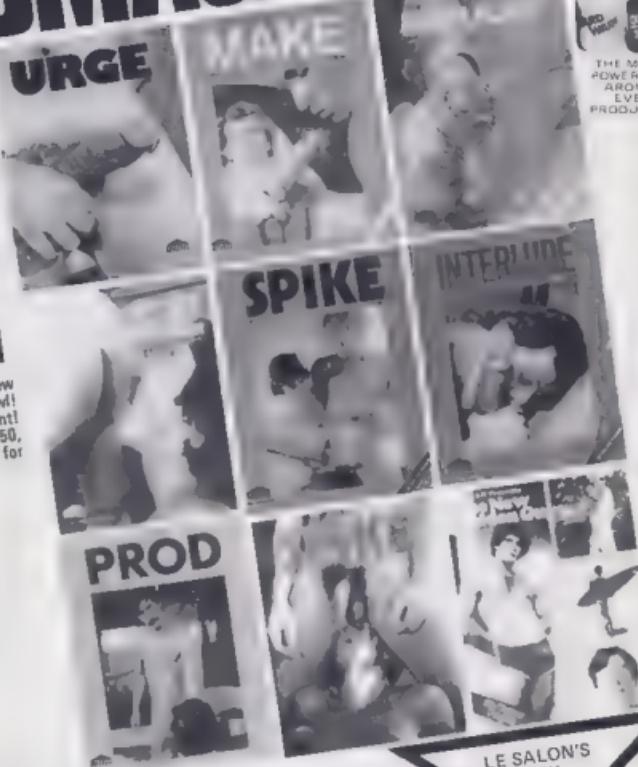
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ARIZONA

ZONA w/m 30 5'9" 165 lbs. at home we fight for, versatile toys. V.A., Greek, j/o, etc. wants men with similar interests. No. 1 fan for Photo, letter requested. Will travel. Box 879

PHOENIX S 6'2" 185 lbs. 57 wants total slave for B&D. W/m, F/F, discipline and humiliation. You will be my slave. No dopers, thieves, etc. Box 497.

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVES
Set on your knees and write to this
Master. Master is 30, 5'8", 165 lbs.,
"uncut"; if you are white, master
is not overweight. Interested in
shaving your crotch, pouring piss
down your slave throat, bondage,
biting the discipline from you, I
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You should include phone number
I when you are available. Box 882

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Cabin boy type available for hot hard
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5'10", 195 contest-type build, seeks
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times. Send photo! Occupant No.
117, 1738 N. Canyon Drive, Holly-
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WANTED!
Slave to receive MILD B&D, torture,
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Any age, any size ok, German &
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with thick, uncut cockmeat, hot-
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Black honcho fustin' on collar/
leash, break/train as bootdog toilet
tissue. Must be cock-hungry,
black hairy maniac. Submit to
1/8 inch crotch, things, funtimes
White bootdog. ONLY who
needs/wants to be hogtied/raped by
its slave animal nuts and ridged hard
nests write. Photo/phone for prompt
reply. Box 968

OAKLAND Need your cock and
balls bound and tortured? I am the
one who can do it for you. Write
with details and photo to Box 19065
Oakland, CA 94169

HOT & READY IN L.A.
Scandinavian, 28, 5'10", 165 lbs., versatile
(very) good body, good looking.
Enjoy 3-ways and groups also. Good
feather, jocks, grease, outdoor scenes.
Good men and good sex get same
Box 853

HOT HORNEY HAIRY
HUNKY HUNK

L.A. Area: 46, 5'9", 170 lbs., brown
hair, blue eyes, 8½" uncut. Into
light S/M, B&D, jocks, leather, WS,
FF, FF, FA, FA, fantasy trips. Open to
new scenes. Will answer with
phone and photo. Box 349.

BIG WIDE OPEN ASSHOLES WANTED

L.A. W/M, 31, 5'11", 165 lbs.,
wants men with hot assholes into
FF, huge dildos, punch fucking,
etc., to withstand several hours of
hazing, sex play. Serious men only.
no J/O Box 811

SAN FRANCISCO - SM, 41, 6'1"
175 lbs., white, 8" cut, looking for
some heavy scenes. Can endure much
of this. You must be a non-sense
partner who knows what he is doing.
If you're a man, work me over.
B&D, new ideas. Dork, 625 Post
Street, No. 549, San Francisco, CA
94107

SHAVED TATTOOED SLAVE
needs public exhibition, discipline,
humiliation from uncompromising
Masters. Craves total domination,
pain, floggings, branding, electric
torture, permanent Franey cage.
Make me crawl, naked, black/blue,
ass/cock/cum covered and beg for more.
Box 38433, Los Angeles, CA 90036.

MASTER 33, 5'10", 160 lbs seeks
novice slave 20-30, slim, to learn and
expand limits. Have toys and work
room. Master Dennis, 1918 Daisy
Avenue, Long Beach, CA 90805

SKANDINAVIAN KINK

VERY hot struggling artist (Top)
seeks relationship with patron of the
Arts (bottom). Best face-putter in the
Brotherhood - needs help. I am 27,
6 ft., 165 lbs., muscular, masculine,
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body, good sex. Good at 3-ways,
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ERIC at Box 886. It's good karma
to help struggling artists.)

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San Francisco Oriented. New and his
hunky Mexican looks for hot lev/
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My Ad is _____ Words at 25 cents a word.

S.F. BLACK LEATHER/BOOTS
Masculine S, w/m, 34, 5'11", 185
lbs, dressed in full leather, looks hot
and smells good. If you are a slender
w/m under 34, like good music, a
firm hand, a hard cock, have a job,
then get on your fucking knees and
write. Don't expect a long reply
from me. I want to meet you. Instead
absolutely no flabs, fags, stupidus or
hard drugs. Box 854

WHIPPING SESSIONS wanted with
leather/uniform men. Have expert
vice butler, 30, 5'10", 165 lbs.,
and as booted heavy white leather. I
am uncut, thick cock for heavy
sucking. Age 36, 175 lbs., 8", bearded.
Box 841

CIGAR SMOKERS!
Human ashtray, 30, blond but-
sized will like to meet cigar smok-
ing torture master for fun and
games. Prefer torturer with sooted
and/or soundproof facility. Mature
gentlemen welcome. 495 Ellis Street
No. 1609, San Francisco, CA 94102.
Other games possible, but cigar
smokers only.

DOG
34, 5'10", 165 lbs., seeks Master to
train me on collar and leash Sir,
etc. Box 839, San Francisco, CA 90071

Wim smooth in search of firm hand,
guidance and training from mature,
hirsute serious Master, willing to
consider inexperienced, unfulfilled
but needful 31-year-old. My Master
commands respect from his person,
not his brutality. Bay Area only.
Box A19

Black leather master, 35, seeks total
uninhibited slaves 18-40. You will
submit to my hand cuffs, commands,
collar, chain or be slapped or spanked
in private or bars, reply "Yes, Sir!"
or "Sir." I am 35, 5'10", 165 lbs., untrained. Please
a must or no reply. Lonnie, 1242
Polk, No. 300, San Francisco, CA
94108.

LOS ANGELES, M, w/m, 34, 5'7", smooth, slim, good body, 120 lbs, intelligent, good-looking, looking for intelligent S I NEED to serve my needs and expect eventually only the limited services of my Master. Especially like to service others for you, I need to be me to properly serve YOU. Box 280.

TITS, AND ASS

LOS ANGELES, 40, stocky hairy body, shaved head wants burn warmers and warmers for long, reciprocal spanking, tit-pinchings, enemas, and more. Prefer mature, clean non-smokers who'd rather do it than talk about it, want to expand limits for both of us. Box 709.

HOT NIPPLEMEN

Big titted stud seeks big worked-on nipples. Box 19.

LOS ANGELES, S, 45, 5'10", 135 lbs, solid, muscular, masculine stud 7' out; looking for masculine, slender, muscular man under 65, whites. No interest in fucking anything I wouldn't walk down the street with Box 657C.

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LEATHER TRAININ'
By older, experienced leatherman to young novice beginner or advanced, on temporary or lifetime-live in case Master will support efforts to achieve physical, career, educational and social goals. Instructor c/o Mountain Men, Box 16876, Denver, CO 80218.

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M, young 40, white, 143 lbs, meso 7%, sandy hair (short, front holding), blue-gray eyes. British German-American blood, well-educated, intelligent and at ease in the straight world, offers self for un-married sessions of light last (first) S&M, B&D, fit and sex work and a-ghape sharing with Exper encased Master, similar age and height prefers red, no pain, mind seeking, attire: love looks alert, mind seeking, desire to train as slave. Must be able to relate beyond sack and cellar as well. Mutual trust/respect vital. Like trim body and beard, communicative eyes, leathery, levi's, boots, toys, wax, control boards, leather, leather, leather, groups and play more. Swimming, walking, skin, good conversation, cooking, good design, and travel, intermediate, need training, expanding and affection. Limits unknown but no real damage please. Other: no sex, no sex, no sex, no sex, no sex, overweights, etc., extreme pain, snobs without reason, Ultimate goal: unselfish devotion; in privacy, your slave; in public, a worthy companion. Live temp, central CT but in NYC lot. Your attorney (if possible), bring me, Sir Box 680.

QUEST: Emerging M, 39, w/short hair, tan, good-looking, 5'10", 142 lbs, game 65%, can dominate, slim, good mind, masculine, is ready to do more than debile. Needs an intelligent, experienced Master, 35-45 or so, to lead the way. The body's hot and requires some thoughtful training. No sex, extreme pain, no sex, drug/drinking. I'm newish to this world but know I belong. Do you read me, Sir(s)? Live central CT Photo appreciated but not essential, Box 680.

S, 30, 5'11", 180 lbs, husky, hairy but, solid, masculine, firm, seek clean cut slave, 18-35, white, skin or muscular, into bondage and discipline, toys, willing to serve and obey Box 267.

STAMFORD S with bull whip require total obedience. Have 95% to foreclose your mouth or ass. Only interested in real men over 20 Box 579.

SM, 45, 6'3", 190 lbs, 8" cut, well-built ass, looking for tall, well-built well hung studs. Box 965.

DIST. OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON, DC AREA, M, 38, 5'11", 160 lbs, 30" w, white, 6", ringer/weightlifter. Well-built, lean, muscular. Interested in similar S for erotic S&M, B&D. Box 215.

NEED TO BE CONTROLLED?

S, 67, 5'10", 185 lbs, will train slave any age with good body, firm body. Masculine looks a must. Box 704.

FLORIDA

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA, S, 38, 5'8", 140 lbs, 5'4", muscular, construction worker, leather, leather, levi's, levi's, bikies, cigars, arome, etc., likes kinky scenes. Am masculine and hung hungry, plus thirsty dudes. Limited travel ok. Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315.

FT. LAUDERDALE, S, 43, 5'7", 160 lbs, 7" cut, big balls and big hands looking for FF wide-receivers for three-ways with world-beat slave. No scat or heavy pain trips. Demand and consider. Box 258.

TALLAHASSEE w/m, 24, 5'8", 165 lbs, wants to be trained to serve a master's needs. U/L, uniforms, harnesses. Box 474.

HAIRY MACHO MEN

If you're into funky, hot, hairy ass and sex are hairy - rump, rough masters, write me and tell me what you would do to me. This good boy can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming. Fr and Gr with Mr Right Box 58.

Attractive, stable intelligent man, mid 20s, white, has been exploring sadomasochism several years; wants similar man to mid 30s for honest continuous weekend explorations. Must have come to an understanding that mutual exploration, respect and care are requisite to building the trust and love central to any real sadomasochistic encounter. Not looking for any fantasy fuck. Honest only with a sense of humor should reply. Confidential. Interested in the same Central/South Florida. Prefer Top/bottom man, Box A37.

MOTORCYCLE COPS

Muscular hairy stud 6' 165 lbs. Will respond to correspondence with motor cycle cops. Wants MEW to come into same. Only book/breach uniform. Enthusiasts into disciplined scenes. Please reply. Discret on assured Box 111F.

FT. LAUDERDALE Masculine, good-looking. Top with firm but firm ass. Good sex candidates for stringent bondage with discipline administered according to subject's requirements. Box 814.

Want to eat from your dog bowl and your riding crop. If you have an erect penis, hairy balls, a hairy ass for me to eat. You and I are very strict in your demands please contact me. am 35' 5'10" 148 lbs. 9 m. Box 735.

GEORGIA

HAIRY, 155 lbs, 5'11", 23 w/m, into rimming, FF, sucking & fucking. Seeks same. Robins, GA 31093.

ATLANTA MS, Aquarius, 34, 5'8", 133 lbs, white, good body, level head, experienced. Looking for men over 25 into B&D, suspension, tilt workouts and similar action. Able to take charge but prefer not to. Be specific to times assumed expansion by me. Box 714.

HAWAII

HONOLULU, SM, 42, 5'4", slender, a hairy, 6" cut, big balls. Top willing to experience being bottom. Very much expect same, 18-35, white, hung, clean. No fats, freaks, scat. Box 254.

IDAHO

1040, 26, leather, white, 6'1", 180 lbs, blonde hair, muscular, good looking. Hot to extremes with other poodling guys, 18-30s with same, bigger or thicker cocks. Travel Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana. No fats, fems, cat Box 807.

TRAVELING DOMINANT

S, 36, 5'11", 200 lbs, hairy, 7" cut, looking for willing, bottoms or intelligent tops (can switch for trust worthy master). Into toys, groups, bondage, am always horny. No fats, fems, WS, drugs or heavy pain, interested in possible vacation/ski bud-dies. Box 18.

ILLINOIS

WANTED, Writer needs input for story, tellin'. Der Fladernaus, 20, 5'6", 160 lbs, 5' cut, good and adjustable. Cut. Handsize body, but der knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potentia slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 418.

CHICAGO, Ariet, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs, 5' cut, 160 lbs, 5' cut, good and adjustable. Cut. Handsize body, but der knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potentia slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 418.

CHICAGO, 31, 5'9", 145 lbs, white slave seeks Black Master who likes to whip and fuck a hot white ass and likes to have a white slave mouth suck & rim his hot Black cock, ass, and balls and kiss to hogtie and piss and gag naked white slave. P.O. Box 348, Chicago, IL 60680.

SPRINGFIELD, S, 54, 5'8", 160 lbs, looking for slave, 21-50, white only. Am experienced, respectful of limits; but can be either extremely sadistic or gentle, based on slaves' endurance. Must be clean. Box 382.

EVANSTON, S, Scorpia, 48, 5'11", 170 lbs, white, 6", knowledgeable, turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong in limits for mutually-booted sessions. Master wants to be boot for his/her slave, leather boot for his/her slaves. Limits respected, no drugs. Berts, 2423 Ridgeview Ave., Evanston, IL 60201.

MASTER LOOKING FOR SLAVE: Who will take care of my needs? Will be kept naked and shaved. Must be into light S&M, B&D, WS. Must like to jog, swim, and bike. 18-35 and under 6". Will help relocate. Send photo with letter. Box 314.

INDIANA

ATTENTION SLAVE: Indianapolis Master, 37, demands a permanent, total slave. Master is very demanding and experienced. Heavy into SM and B&D. Total servitude, slave must be ready to serve completely. My slave must be capable of being the world's best slave. Box 752.

INDIANAPOLIS, M, 49, 5'10", 170 lbs, 6X%, white, inexperienced. Will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Seeks sincere, understanding and knowledgeable Master to bring out the best in me. Will try anything once. Can travel to surrounding states. No blood and no scat. Photo please, Box 833.

KENTUCKY

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE: LEXINGTON, S, 38, 5'11", 175 lbs, experienced, all scenes. All limits considered. Must have good body and have your head on. If you are ready, write now, Box 988, Lexington, KY 40558.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS, S, 32, 5'10", 175 lbs, seeking obedient, willing, masculine slave, 21-40, for mutual satisfaction. Firm but respects limits. Apply with photo. No fats or fems. Reply SIR Box 806.

MONROE, 33, white, 6', 175 lbs, 25 w/m, 26 m/f. Am primarily M into father/son type discipline with bondage. Will assume S role for proper M. Box 332.

MAINE

Have a fantasy? Want it to come true? Two bearad dudes from northern Maine woods. Into all scenes groups, FF, WS, JD, tilt and bail torture, bondage, voyeurism, smokes and aromas ready for hot kinky fun. Contact: Center for writing or call Your 1st jets, get ours. Let D shew us son't about his brenvens. Box 796.

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE AREA, M, novice, 5'8", 180 lbs, 5' cut, seeks sincere, understanding and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn. Some US travel Box 129.

BALTIMORE or WASHINGTON DC AREA, SM, 5'7", 160 lbs, 5' cut, 180 lbs, 5' cut, seeks sincere, understanding and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn. Some US travel Box 855.

HAGERSTOWN W/m, 36, 6'1", 170 lbs, bodybuilder looking for other masculine w/m/but slaves. Must be tried to make Box 35.

MASSACHUSETTS

NOVICE w/m, 24, needs Master into all scenes except scat. Needs a man who will train my body and mind to satisfy his, Sir. Box 965.

CAPE COD, S, 52, 6', Taurus, 200 lbs, well-muscled, tough, uncut, into B&D, WS, shaving, FF, and all kinds of SM, FF, B&D, etc. and other scenes. Seeks white slave, 18-40, totally submissive, for prolonged long term service. No drugs, fats, or fems. Must be able to endure moderate to heavy pain, ball torture, tit piercing, prolonged immobilization, butt a butt, body whipping, no caryables, action, or thrill-seekers need apply. I am looking for a slave who loves pain, who craves punishment, abuse, humiliation, and expects nothing but pain, torture, and discomfort in return. Box 796.

BOSTON, Bearded w/m, mid-30s, versatile and imaginative, 5'9", 155 lbs, muscular, hairy body; turned on by leather, leather, leather, and foot licking. Seeks men of same interests. Willing to expand. Box 840.

FIND IT IN DRUMBEATS

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN, 46, 5'9", 160 lbs, seeks L L partner over 25
Beards or moustaches a plus. Box 721

MICHIGAN

WAYNE COUNTY AREA, white, 21, needs Master any size, any age into anything and everything No limits. You call all the shots. Ready and waiting Sir Box 826

DETROIT Muscular power, 33, wants to fuck, the day right now, of your life. 18 years old. Must have intense desire to be ridden long and hard. Take instruction in swallowing this gift to its root. Interest in jocks, tank suits, good smoke, outdoor action, plus, a plus. Have hunky young buddy, 22 Photo & email, gals email. Box 825

Bottom, straight action appearing, in to S&M, B&D, etc, sincere, intelligent wants a lot like looking for adoptive partner. LaVigne, clean cut, young, looking, 41 years, 5'4 1/2 lbs, with tight, hairless, slim body, in good shape, expect same. No cheaters, fags or fems. Photos exchanged Box 1571, Dearborn, MI 48121

NORTHERN MICHIGAN FLEXIBLE MASTER seeks adoptive partner into weekend bondage and S&M scenes in wilderness setting. L Mts respected. Confidentially assured and expected. All re ps as considered. Box 152

TAYLOR, MI, Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165 lbs, white, 6', novice Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261

DETROIT w, m, 34, 5'6", 135 lbs. Power body, hairy and muscular (very thick) needs hunky deep throats and hot and wild receptive tears with good tight bodies to age 40. FF, bondage, toys and good times. No fags or fems. Here or there. Photo preferred Box 351, Farmington Hills MI 48304

SOUTHLFIELD, 46, 6', 160 lbs, German S, muscular, 7' uncult, seeks novice who would be interested in exploring and growing with him. No fags. No drugs, fags, fems. Wants body tight physique as plus Box 468

ANN ARBOR, MI, 39, 5'7", 185 lbs, 6' cut, semi muscular, seeks adoptive partner under 45, who is sensual as well as horny, not afraid to give and take alike into everything. Box 351, or 352, or 353, or 354

MINNESOTA

TO LET FACE SITTING MINNEAPOLIS, MN, Taurus, 31, 5'11", 7' bearded. Bottom for piss & scat, love leather and kinky scenes, looking for fifth freak into sharing gals S&M, B&D, tit work Can also go top. Write Al Box 478, Minneapolis, MN 55440

MATE FOR L FEAL US Attractive, obscene, white, weathered, short haired, whiskered, graying elsewhere. 5'1, 61", 160 lbs, will live w/ world, travel, work, etc. French pass w/ white S 40-70 busts, avs, leather, w/s, etc. Farmers, cowboys, unformed women, hard hats, executives, other welcome. Will relocate. Box A18

MPLS Would like to meet men who like to fuck, are into bondage. Cowboys, truckers, all M's who are willing and know what they want. No fags. Box 826

MASTER WANTED

Minneapolis. White, 50+, 160 lbs, some, masculine slave, 5'11", 160 lbs, light brown hair, green eyes dark beard - hot & horny, 7% Leo I am ready to serve white 28 to 40 yrs. stud. I would prefer only dark hairy muscular male. 5'6" and up. I am a manly tool & plus, let me serve you and worship you, obey you and love you. I dig all leather (gear & scenes) and am into body worship, p/o, dirty talk, posing, oil, cockring, all tools, all boots & gym gear I beg you. Please, Sir, help this hot wanting slave find an owner. Write 18

MISSOURI

ST. LOUIS w/m, 5'11", 165 lbs uncult very hairy all over, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive yet quiet, straight-action and appearing, seeks other hairy masculine dudes into mutual give and take working over cock tails, esholes with uniforms, jocks. No scat or sharing. Any age, eager to explore. Box 863

Jacob L of Missouri. Please Sir, contact Ken of Indianapolis.

MONTANA

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M. Weather master will instruct you using strict monastic obedience, humiliation, discipline, penitence, poverty, labor, silence, cloister, devotional. You will learn right language, have nameless, no last name. If you have the novitiate you will be professed Usque As Mortem. You cannot serve two masters. This is definitely a total commitment to eat my cock and drink my piss not a pious meditation. Vocation to serve me with your body and photo. Many called but only one is chosen. Box 363

NEBRASKA

CORNHUSKER MAVERICK needs tame FF, leather master, who has hell like me sex rough and hard, need a good Master. If you think you're man enough to break me. Box 496

OMAHA S, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs, entering scenes looking for clean white, M to 30, good-looking muscular, smooth body, masculine and who enjoys being dominated. Prefer novice. Start with high B&D and grow together. I'm respectable and discreet, you must be same. Good character, important. No drugs, fags, fems or dirty need apply. Box 373

NEW JERSEY

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY w/m, 38, 5'7", 185 lbs, muscular, knowledgeable male, masculine, dominant and aggressive. S/M seeks slave, 25-35 for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect no hard or soft stuff. No drugs, fags, fems, or dirty things. Box 520

HE MAN STUDS ONLY

Generous guy gives complete oral service. Lay back and relax. Very discreet. I am set for married. Note: Photo. P.O. Box 342, Pine Brook, NJ 07058

NEW YORK

SYRACUSE w/m, versatile, 35 5'6", 160 lbs, muscular, dominant, heavy S&M, B&D, Ws, TT, CB Abuse, shaving, piercing, nailng wax, scat, whips, crops, leather Box 2874, Syracuse, NY 13220

WRESTLERS LEVI'S S/M, Miami, tough, vicious, ruthless stud, 29, w/m, 6'2", wants to hear from same type dudes, all ages. Into no holds-barred fighting, kicking, punching, and squeezing a guy's nuts, etc. Exchange info, ideas, or meet. Box 804

EASTERN LONG ISLAND Experienced, versatile Master seeks hot slaves needing bondage, discipline, humiliation, chains, whips, oil torture, ball work, or whatever. He needs a top dog, dominant, etc. All night sessions. Begging letters with bare chested photos get reply. Novices acceptable. Box 980

TATTOOED & PIERCED, 43, 6'3", 165 lbs, interested in open muscle line with, 30-60, not heavily into booze or drugs. Box 452

MANHATTAN, S, 35, 6'4", blonde Have 6'3" muscular slave 30. Am accepting applications for second slave. Must submit to heavy S&M and video. Length of your body, muscular, and attractive, send photo with qualifications at once. Box 673

EXPAND MY LIMITS Tattooed and ringed M, 34, seeks Sadists into balls, paddles, canes. No fags or hot wax, weapons. Marks cheerfully accepted. Write Occupant, 100 Bank Street, No 5A, NYC, NY 10014

N.Y.C. m, 43, 6'4", 210 lbs, 6'1" Needs immobile bondage, toys and creative Master. Sensitive cock, balls and this need to be worked on. Good S can expand my limits. Box 969

STRAP & BOARD NYC, 6'2", 30, hairy guy with strap and board seeks similar guys for tick tradin' fun. Phone Box 821

SAHST, 30, sees masochist slave into pain, cock, ball and tit torture, FF, leather, bondage, piss, piss, etc, various and other. Box 11 If you ONLY need is to serve your Master, write with telephone, address and a description of your qualifications/ desires. Photo appreciated. Submits un, Box 379, NYC 10008

Obedient, w/m, 21, 6', 160 lbs Need dominant master to teach me the ropes, the right way. I have a some face and hot, hard body wanting to be disciplined. With right man, anything goes. Put me in my place and make me beg for more. Photo-letter Box 801

NEW YORK, Capricorn, 37, 5'9", 175 lbs, 6' cut, total performance, leather, punishment, oral, anal sex and functions controlled. Into heavy bondage, harnesses, hoods, strait jackets. Inter. living the total slave's life. Looking for guy with together head. Also into exploring, playing top role with the right guy. Box A22

KINGSTON Good-looking blonde, 27, 160 lbs, 7' cut, into leather, uniforms, D&B, light S&M. Seeks leatherman for hot scenes, mutual experimentation. Will answer all, those with photo and phone. First travels within state. Box A36

TOPMAN WANTED

Master wanted to expand my limits. Slave mid-30s, 5'5", 138, with mustache and ringed. Needs Master to supervise program to flat line my body, to alternate discipline and pain with affection. Box 712, New York, NY 10011

UNIFORM LEATHERMASTER 43, trim, will adjust/maintain body under dominant personal valor and make bend over his back and baring his ass as discipline service and submission. Box A21

N.Y.C. W/M, 33, 6'10", 165 lbs, tattooed, muscular, crew cut, all man merchant marine wants boy erotic lockerroom scenes with rare erotic music emcee. Will travel U.S. for right heads and bodies. Box 813

NYC FOOT SLAVE, 28, 6'1", 180 lbs, br/b, very attractive male, wants to meet together large-footed foot master to explore ultimate depths of foot service, scenes, fantasies feelings, intimacy and beyond. Please write Box 303, 201 Varick Street New York, NY 10014

SILICON BX/B Hot uniform and leather man has had it done! Interested in connecting with other s/c end stud. Don't worry if you haven't had it done. Exchange information ideas, photos. Box 405-2

NYC M, 25, 5'10", 150 lbs, seeks Leathermaster into S&M B&D, TT, and W/S Box 309

NEW YORK CITY, Sedent, ex military, 29, bushy, bodybuilder, seeks hot w/m built torture on male, for heavy pain, physical abuse, total control and body service. Box A18

SEX AGE VARIATION Lehr, M, 6'3", 170 lbs, mid-30's, white-haired, blue-eyed man of distinction type, would serve muscular-masculine male of any age or race who enjoys imaginative games with older man. Will do almost anything for right partner. Box 2904

VERY STRICT NYC, 7' mother Master, 30, 6', 170 lbs, 7' cut, mustache, sciss real sex. You will try in full, firm discipline. My satisfaction is very difficult to reach, will work, will keep well trained slaves or to train a novice. Attitude is all important. Write graveling letter begging for interview. Be prepared for the total security of total surrender. Box 295

PIGGY RAJNCH NYC Chelsea w/m, Scourian 33, 5'7", 130 lbs, 7' cut for limb-busting scenes. Heavy sex play (FF), L/L, W/S, scat, cock, sweat, oil, shaving, tit, 6'2" torture boots, leather, uniforms, D&B, etc. Willing to role play, watching. Willing to explore new realms. No overweight or fats. Beards a plus. Include photo and scene Box 703

WRESTLERS STREET FIGHTERS NYC, 33, 5'7", 130 lbs, 7' cut for limb-busting scenes. Heavy sex play (FF), L/L, W/S, scat, cock, sweat, oil, shaving, tit, 6'2" torture boots, leather, uniforms, D&B, etc. Willing to role play, watching. Willing to explore new realms. No overweight or fats. Beards a plus. Include photo and scene Box 804A

UNIFORMED C.GAR SMOKER NYC, 35, 6'2", 170 lbs, thick S/L leather, 37, 6', 175 lbs, thick S/L cut. Short blonde hair, beard. Heavy cigar smoker, 1" nipples, tattoo men interested in boots, belts, motorcycle caps, S/S, toilet, FF, dildos. Write with photos. Box 584

GREENWICH VILLAGE, S, Taurus, 46, 5'9", 172 lbs, 6' uncult, white experienced, trustworthy, strong, dynamic, hairy master seeks serious macho leatherman partner to 40+ yrs. responsible, endearing, into S&M, spread eagle scenes, oral display. No extreme. Limited respects, experienced, no fags, fats, fags. Send appropriate submissively reply Box 185R

N.Y.C. Taurus, 49, 6', 170 lbs, w/m, 7' novice demands contact by dark hairy ass back or white. Must have large cock and desire to display and PLAY Box 153P

BUFFALO, w/m, 42, 6'1", 174 lbs, uniforms, leather levs novice. Wants to learn W'll answer all over Box 715

SUPER HEAVY S&M play out and with S&M given to hot young slave by brutal, well-equipped master. Real ms and photo, age, experience to Box 12 R C Room 503, 147 West 42nd St, New York, 10036

BUFFALO, w/m, 27, 5'9", 185 lbs, 7' uncult. SM, Aquarian, seeks our eligible master into W/L who regards us of hearts and minds. 25 lbs. Master in light leather, tall-shouldered boots and into bikers we go turn on. Are you ready to train us? Send photo and phone for prompt reply Box 4048NY

NEW YORK, Argen, 45, 5'8", red Taurus, cuts into motorcycles, 101s, police uniforms, tattoos and B&M, interested in corresponding with sticky cigar smoking macho 40 p us Box 625

NORTH CAROLINA

me slave, 27, heavy prolonged torture bondage, harness, mask, tort. Sex secondary behind experiencing expanding pain. Have exp. int. Box 70759, Ft. Bragg, NC

OHIO

SLAVE WANTED couple, 29 and 35, looking for wife and houseboy. Writes to B79 over St. Warren, OH 44485. Be quick.

CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER for young white Master 23, new to Cleveland, 6', 185 lbs, B+, except animal mind, meat, looks, body, would like to meet hot, USA men, slaves and/or Masters in Cleveland area. Write with photo and phone and limits to SIR P. O. Box 18416, Cleveland, OH 44116

WANTED Dominant white Top with mustache and hairy body. Am 30 years old, 5'10", 185 lbs, with mustache. Am into B/D, W/S, B/M and hairy tick action. No fags, fags, or F/F. Write The Jaws. Box 295

BOOTLOVER, 27, 5'7", 137 lbs, looking for hairy guy into Frye Boots. Wants me to tick them and cum in them. Box 151

LEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5'10", 155 lbs, white, 6%, novice. French slave. Am a gay person, wants to please 100%, well-built partner to 50%. No hairy S&M, or B/O Box 179

YTON S, 35, 5'11", 155 lbs, looking for part-time slave/houseboy. Pay considered for the right guy who is willing to work as play. Good looking, demand mg, considerate master. The slave should have average looks, be over 30, and into the head box 478

COLUMBUS, SM, Virgo, 40, 5'9", 85 lbs, white, 6%, biker, leather/air mutual satisfaction for macho, sincere, straight-appearing butch types. No fags, fags, snobs, chicken box 365

OKLAHOMA

LT LLWATER, 38, 5'9", 190 lbs, meat, ex-police looking for other officers and ex-officers into police uniforms, leather levs, hoods and cycle cops as a lifestyle. No slaves, overly fat, fags, or drugs. Box 885

MOUTH JOCK

A unique trip. Let your big soft cock and balls be strapped into my semi-transparent poly. Hungry cow boy, 33, 6'2", solid body, leather boots, into western wear, military, police uniforms, athletes, seeks men with similar interests. Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154

STILL-WATER SM, 36, 5'8", 180 lbs, 8' uncult. ex-police officers looking for other officers, ex-officers those into uniforms as a lifestyle. No fags, drugs, fags, scat. Discreet Box 45

OREGON

PORTLAND bottom seeks dominant, aggressive top. Dog ass beating, humiliation, piss, flogging, toys, sex, work, kinky scenes. Am 31, 6'2", 185 lbs., goodlooking. Box 624

PENNSYLVANIA

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER 45, 5'8", 155 lbs., cigar smoker, full leather, requires submissives slaves under 5'. Fully equipped dungeon. Hot, heavy scenes. Want real submissives. Young novices considered for permanent servitude training. You are ordered to send photo and letter of submission to Master Boots, Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068

PITTSBURGH, S, 44, 5'8", 185 lbs, hairy chest, 7' uncult. 8 year USMC. Into B/D, W/S, etc. Wants masculine stud who understands submission and service willing to give his body for my pleasure. Box 83

WOODSHED DISCILINE Bare-assed spankings given/asked by discreet AB, 5'8", 155 lbs. Send letter and photo to John, Box 21312, Philadelphia, PA 19126

PHILADELPHIA I do not hesitate to tell you I am a sensitive Master Men come to me for many reasons love, friendship, guidance, training. Some come and go. The knowing men return for my grasp, my mastery. I stress complete psychological control. I am a dominant master as strict as I am sensitive. 25, beard 5', 10", trim, handsore. Openings only for serious slaves & novices to age 40. Photo and respects to D'Ortano, P.O. Box 2202, Philadelphia, PA 19103

MUSCULAR & MASCULINE 5'30, 6'1", 200 lbs, 8' cut, seeks in strument of suffering & service. You are a muscular, straight-appearing M who needs to submit to the abusive control of a total Man. Your first step is a letter of submission with pictures begging for my attention. Box 802

DUNGAREE MEN

HOTGIE & SACK ME Philadelphia white slave, a young 42, skin, wants to be "kidnapped" into a life of slavery. I am rugged, with trucks who will use me as labor and to serve their sweaty duncapes and rugged bodies all over! Box 495

HARRISBURG, M, 180 lbs, 28, straight, looking for master, 21-45, no fags, fags, female ugly into W/S, B&D, jock straps, torn pants brutal humiliation public work shop. Make me your dog with collar and leash. I will obey or else. Will go to NY, Philadelphia, Baltimore or DC Box 959

FOOT SERVICE I know how to please. 5'6", 32, 140 lbs, w/m, will worship your feet/boots. Moustache a plus, beards O.K. Box 705

SCRANTON, M, Gemini, white, 47, 5'6", 154 lbs, 6", intelligent novice seeks understanding, affectionate Master (any age) who will respect boundaries and limits. Am adventurous and pretty sad. Any race okay. Box 964

WILKES BARRE, S, Cancer, 41, 6', 170 lbs, white, 12". Experienced military disciplinarian with rural stockade. 20 years military experience. Masters prisoners, from begin to end to train them. Am a sadist. Discipline Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No fags, scat. Box 633

DALLAS, 5'8", 150 lbs, 27 years old, likes to be wrested down, roped and pegged by muscular captor for total tight prolonged bondage and forced to submit. Can reverse roles. Box 734

DALLAS COMP. ETC. MASTER 36, 6', 165 lbs, sensational fat fucker, implants a big cock, flexible feet for unusual ass play, seeks slaves who are serious about the r role and want a lifetime in S&M. Box 476

RHODE ISLAND

TWO LEATHER MASTERS accept applications from leather slaves for heavy group action. S&M, B&D, WS, FF, wax, etc. Must be 25 to 30 years. Photo a must, will receive ours in return. Box 81, Norwood, MA 02062

SOUTH CAROLINA

M, 25, white, 5'10", 145 lbs, into flogging, sex, foot fucking, spank, S&M (whipping, in ball torture), bondage (spreadeagling, gags), domination, verbal abuse, leather evs, scat. Seeks meek/recalcitrant submissives with aggressive Tops/Masters in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia, etc. Box 289

TEXAS

DALLAS - Hot g/f dominant man 166 lbs, 35, 6', with 7% cuddly on cock sweat balls and crack i want to be spanked, flogged, wearing leather pants, boots, dirty rock strung and other masochistic clothing. I am boss, but respect limits. You appreciate the above being submissives, w/s, dirty talk, verbal abuse, rib tickling, whoring, servicing, and groping. I am your crotch I demand explicit service telling me what you can sell. No scat, fags, phones. Your phone number gets quickest reply. Box 970

FT WORTH SM, 47, 6'2", 195 lbs, 7' uncult, German Aquarius is looking for slaves. Should be knowable, sincere, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, tools, and leather. Not into FF, scat, w/s. Box 059D

COWBOY MASTER

W/M, 24, 6', 170 lbs, for slaves into hairy B&D, WS, B/C, boot worship or anything else I order. Application with photo will be considered Box A17

DALLAS 41 and out for kinky fun and play. 5'10", 130 lbs, nice looking. No fags, no fags, female ugly. Not into B/D, and ass play. Spankings, bondage and w/s. Enclose photo 18 to 45 white only Box 987

FIST FUCK RAPE Serious Top Men contact Larry in Houston Box 981

AUSTIN W/M, 36, 5'8", 145 lbs, bound into cut/uncut, light S&M, L/L, jockstraps, gym shorts, FF, ball fucking, dildoes, total ass in involvement. Will try uniforms, W/S, B&D, slave play. No fags, fags, female, doggystyle, tearing, or flogging. Can be Top, bottom, mutual. Photo phone gets immediate reply. Box 751

TOTAL MASTER

Bodybuilder, 37, 6', 180 lbs, into everything, wants total slave who knows his only place in life is to serve me. You'll be shaved, kept naked, and caged for No limits. No excuses. Photo Box A23

HOUSTON MASTER, 45 w/m, 5'11", 175 lbs, gentle but firm at captioning applications. Slave, you must be masculine, well proportioned, obedient, willing to submit. Interpreters. Do you have trained Reasonable limits respected. Write sincere, confident a letter. Ask what questions you have now. Inc. inc photo. Permanent live-in possible. Can travel. Box 633

DALLAS 5'8", 150 lbs, 27 years old, likes to be wrested down, roped and pegged by muscular captor for total tight prolonged bondage and forced to submit. Can reverse roles. Box 734

DALLAS COMP. ETC. MASTER 36, 6', 165 lbs, sensational fat fucker, implants a big cock, flexible feet for unusual ass play, seeks slaves who are serious about the r role and want a lifetime in S&M. Box 476

RET RED TEXAN Free to travel USA. interests include but not limited to leather and rubber clothing and footwear and related items. MC police uniform tbracelets and boots. Must ask us to correspond with and possibly other individuals with similar interests regard as to geographical location of current residence. Box 401

EAGER TO LEARN HOLSTON area w/m, 32, 5'9", 150 lbs, willing to do anything for some one. 25-40, 165 lbs, 6', 12". Like mustaches, trimmed beards hairy chest and legs. Box 388

VIRGINIA

NVA, 5'8", 31, 5'9", 160 lbs, 8" cut white, good body, seeks white muscular athletes or military, 20-40, to expand experience. Put your muscles with mine for mutual enjoyment. Box 440

NORFOLK/VA BEACH, G.W.M. 30, 6', 170 lbs, male slave to explore bondage and light S&M. Want to experiment in leather ropes, shaving, rubber, mummification, bondage. Must have gameroom and toys. No WS, FF, fags, pain, hard drugs, damage. Prefer white military under 35. Must respect limits. Include phone number in reply. Box 818

WASHINGTON 6'2", 168 lbs, 41, some other competition in Seattle. Collegiate, pro, submiss, on, no holds barred. I'd take ya on. Only serious, sweaty jocks need reply. Let's go a few rounds and get down! Box 815

SEATTLE AREA FF top and/or bottom, fisting, trained by the best. Loving men, not boys. Into uniforms, sports if you know what I mean am hot for truckers, cowboys and leathermen. Am 5'11", 170 lbs, husky, 7' uncult. Box 986

TACOMA Houseboy wanted, no experience necessary, will train. Prefer small or medium build, age unimportant. Box 98

WEST VIRGINIA

HARPERS FERRY 32, 6', 160 lbs, 10", 18-35, muscular and hairless preferred, nice ass, who wants his tits worked over. Box 736

HOW DO YOU SPELL ACTION? D-R-U-M-B-E-S E-A-T-S

DRUMBEATS MORE AD FOR LESS MONEY DRUMMER 81

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(continued from page 31)

ward into my brain. I felt a rush of warmth through my entire body before he let go his hold.

He moved around in front of me after that, leaving the pins in my flesh so each convulsive movement reminded me of his total mastery. He was holding a metal box in one hand . . . more pins . . . more pain! I started to scream at him again, but he made no response to acknowledge my hysteria. Instead, he calmly fastened his thumb and forefinger onto one nipple, twisted it as he moved to straddle my lower body. Even through those additional waves of pain, I was aware of his cock touching my own, prodding my underbelly with a force that proclaimed my tormentor's enjoyment of what he did.

Enjoying it . . . son of a bitch! Pretending he hates queens when his friends are around . . . digs a heavy scene . . . wonder what Bert did to him . . . mother-fucker! He yanked my teat as if he meant to tear it off. My eyes were shut or squirming through most of this; when I did open them I couldn't see for the screen of tears. He must have set his box down somewhere, because he unexpectedly shoved the inhaler into my nostril again, while his other hand never slackened its hold on my nipple. In spite of myself, I felt my senses reeling. Pain started to drift and merge with a floating numbness engendered by the amyl. He alternated his grip, first working one teat, then the other. He kept shoving the plastic tube into my nose and forcing me to breathe its vapors. I had never used amyl this heavily before, never realized you could trip out to this extent. Eventually my mind ceased to function and I lost contact with any reality.

Charlie's actions are easy enough to reconstruct, though I cannot pretend to remember them exactly. I knew he held me down by the pressure of his groin, and his hard, hairy body kept tipping forward, shoving me back against the padded leather. My only clear recollection is of his huge, shadowy form, the heat of him radiating against me, into me . . . solid cock prodding my belly, inhaler shoved deep into one nostril while his calloused thumb depressed the other. At some time, though I don't know when, he set two of his pins through either teat. I never felt it. In fact I must have been so completely out as to take some distorted pleasure from his treatment of me. I vaguely remember my cock rising rigidly above my groin and Charlie binding it with strips of rawhide. He wound the thongs around and around, down the length of my sac until the balls were stretched and contracted. I couldn't even recall a sensation of pain.

At some point he turned me over, bound me belly-down upon the rack which had been returned to a horizontal position. He must also have taken the pins from my ass, at least, they were gone when I finally returned to a reasonable homeostasis. He used a strap on me, or a whip; I can't remember which. I know the strokes were falling hard and fast as my mind rose periodically through the murky confusion of pain and amyl. He continued to poke the inhaler into my nose . . . may even have shoved some pills down my throat. I can't be sure, but I later had a bitter taste in my mouth and the residual effects were worse than they should have been from amyl by itself.

I know I was flying high above some dark gray clouds, while the sun was burning down across my back and buttocks. The heated rays were striking me with a powerful force, making me glow with a sense of warmth and stinging light. The feeling built and ebbed, centered here and there as Charlie varied the area of concentration. He fucked me after this. I recall the exquisite, stabbing pain and the sharp, unrelenting possession that continued through my muddled pleas and protestations. I don't remember when he finished, though there are patches of illuminated memory and spotty mental pictures . . . the dark heat and the pressure of his groin as he battered his body into mine. There was a sensation of helpless submission, of deep-thrust strokes and bittersweet agony as he rammed his strength inside me.

My next certain awareness, as I emerged from the web of confused impressions, was tempered with half-realized discomfort and shadowy specters of fear. Jim's voice was begging me to come awake . . . the sound rising from some nebulous depths, through fog that existed only in my own distorted imagery.

To Be Continued

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CONRAP (continued from page 71)

I am serving a 1 1/2 year sentence for possession of 1 oz. of grass, and this is real red-neck country, so please write, Nathaniel Anderson, No. 42959 Camp MSU, Parchman, MS 38738.

Two gays incarcerated in Ohio prison would like to hear from anyone. Will answer all letters. Ben Meyer, No. 96697, Box 69, London, OH 43140. Bill Crawford, No. 141194, Box 69, London, OH 43140.

Gay man, non-racist and intelligent, Sidney Rawson, No. 15937, Box 14, Boise, ID 83797.

Drummer reader just transferred to new institution and out of touch, would like to hear from readers. Vic Byrd, No. 40258, 2605 State Street, Salem, OR 97310.

I like photography and music (all kinds) and would like to have someone to write to. Chuck Wilson, No. 155-891, Box 69, London, OH 43140.

Would like to hear from anyone about anything. I'm young and very lonely and will probably be here a long time. Adolph Comer, No. 049565, Box 158, Lowell, FL 32663.

Two gay brothers would like to receive mail from other gays. Charles Marts, No. 33677-136, Box 1000, Marion, IL 62959. Robert Larry Mayes, No. 36256-136, Box 1000, Leavenworth, KS 66048.

I haven't received any mail in two years and am very lonely. Roberto Brown, Box 43, Norfolk, MA 02056.

Cute, 19 year old and I have brown hair and brown eyes and am anxious for someone to write to. My hobbies are water skiing, skating and horse back riding and fixing up fast cars. I am both passive and active in any scene and welcome all mail. Rodney Elkins, 101604, POB 97, Mc Alester, OK 74501.

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